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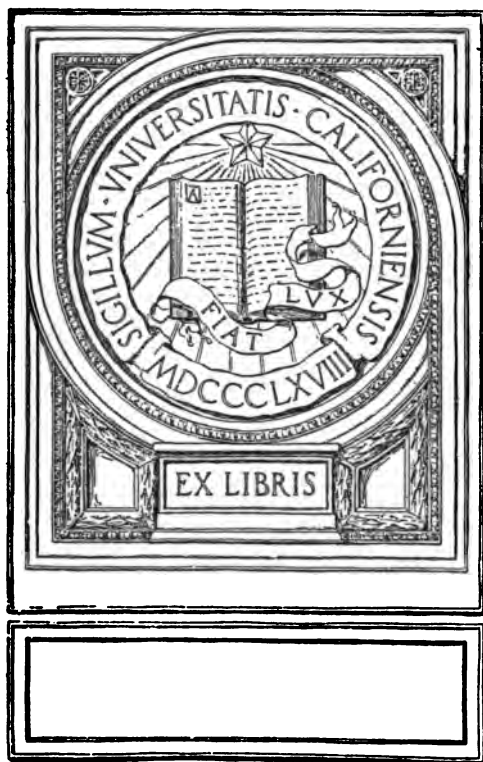
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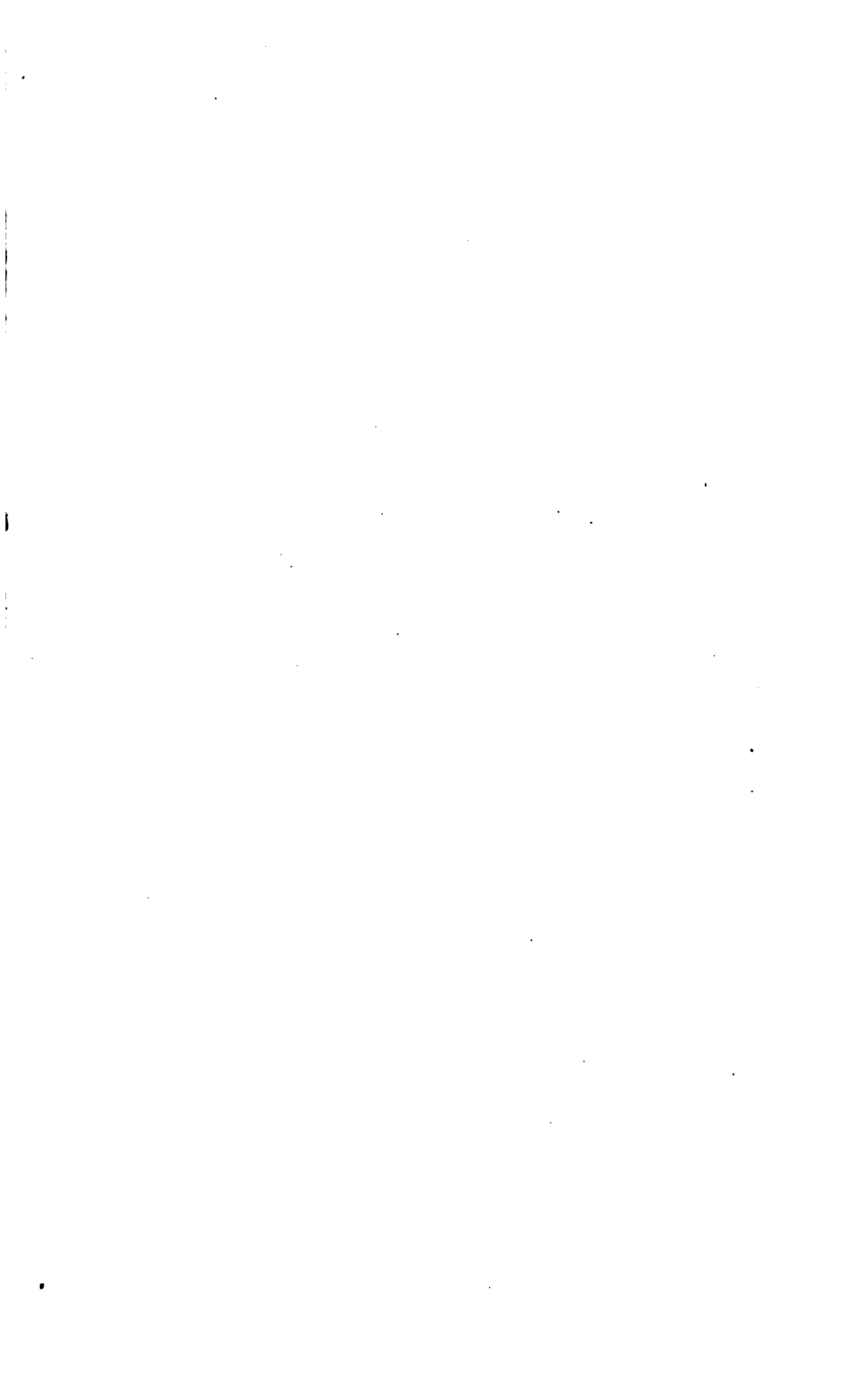
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ENGLAND IN 1815

AS SEEN BY

A YOUNG BOSTON MERCHANT



Univ. of
California

TO THE
ASSOCIATION



JOSEPH BALLARD

From a water-color portrait painted by John Rubens Smith in 1813

ENGLAND IN 1815

AS SEEN

BY A YOUNG BOSTON MERCHANT

AND

WITH RECOLLECTIONS AND COMMENTS

OF

JOSEPH BALLARD

ON

A TRIP THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE

YEAR OF WATERLOO



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1913

20 ynd
A. JOURNAL



JOSEPHINE

From a water-color portrait by

ENGLAND IN 1815
AS SEEN
BY A YOUNG BOSTON MERCHANT
BEING
THE REFLECTIONS AND COMMENTS
OF
JOSEPH BALLARD
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TO THE
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ILLUSTRATIONS

JOSEPH BALLARD *Frontispiece*

From the water-color portrait painted by John
Rubens Smith in 1818.

THE SHIP "FRIENDSHIP" OF SALEM. A
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From a painting.

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From an old engraving.

466222

INTRODUCTION

THIS journal has a personal interest to Mr. Ballard's descendants as being the work of their ancestor, but they have published it in the hope that it may be found to be of interest to others as a picture of the life and times in England in the year of the battle of Waterloo, as seen through the eyes of a patriotic young American.

Joseph Ballard was born June 2, 1789, on Bromfield's Lane, formerly Rawson's Lane, now Bromfield Street, in Boston, where his father conducted a livery and hack business, having established the first hackney carriage in Boston. In 1795, the family moved to West Street, which was then considered far uptown, and in 1824, Mr. Ballard purchased a house on Washington Street, near Hollis Street, where he continued to live for fifty-three years until his death in 1877.

Mr. Ballard's school education ended when he was fourteen years old, at which time he

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received a Franklin Medal at the hands of President John Adams in Faneuil Hall. In 1803, he became an apprentice to Standfast Smith, an Englishman, who was a dealer in carpets, cutlery, upholstery goods, and other household wares in Franklin Street. At the end of his apprenticeship, Mr. Ballard and his brother John became partners of Mr. Smith. Later the firm was J. and J. Ballard, and, afterwards, Ballard and Prince. The firm was located at No. 168 Washington Street from 1822 to 1846, when it moved to No. 11 Bromfield Street.

One of Mr. Ballard's boyhood friends and fellow apprentices was S. F. B. Morse, who later became noted as a portrait painter in England, and afterwards famous as the inventor of the Morse telegraph system and alphabet.

Mr. Ballard retired from the active management of his business at middle age, and devoted the remainder of his long life to his family, his books, and his farm at Hampton, New Hampshire, where he spent more than six months of every year. He was twice married. He was left a widower with three young children in 1822. He

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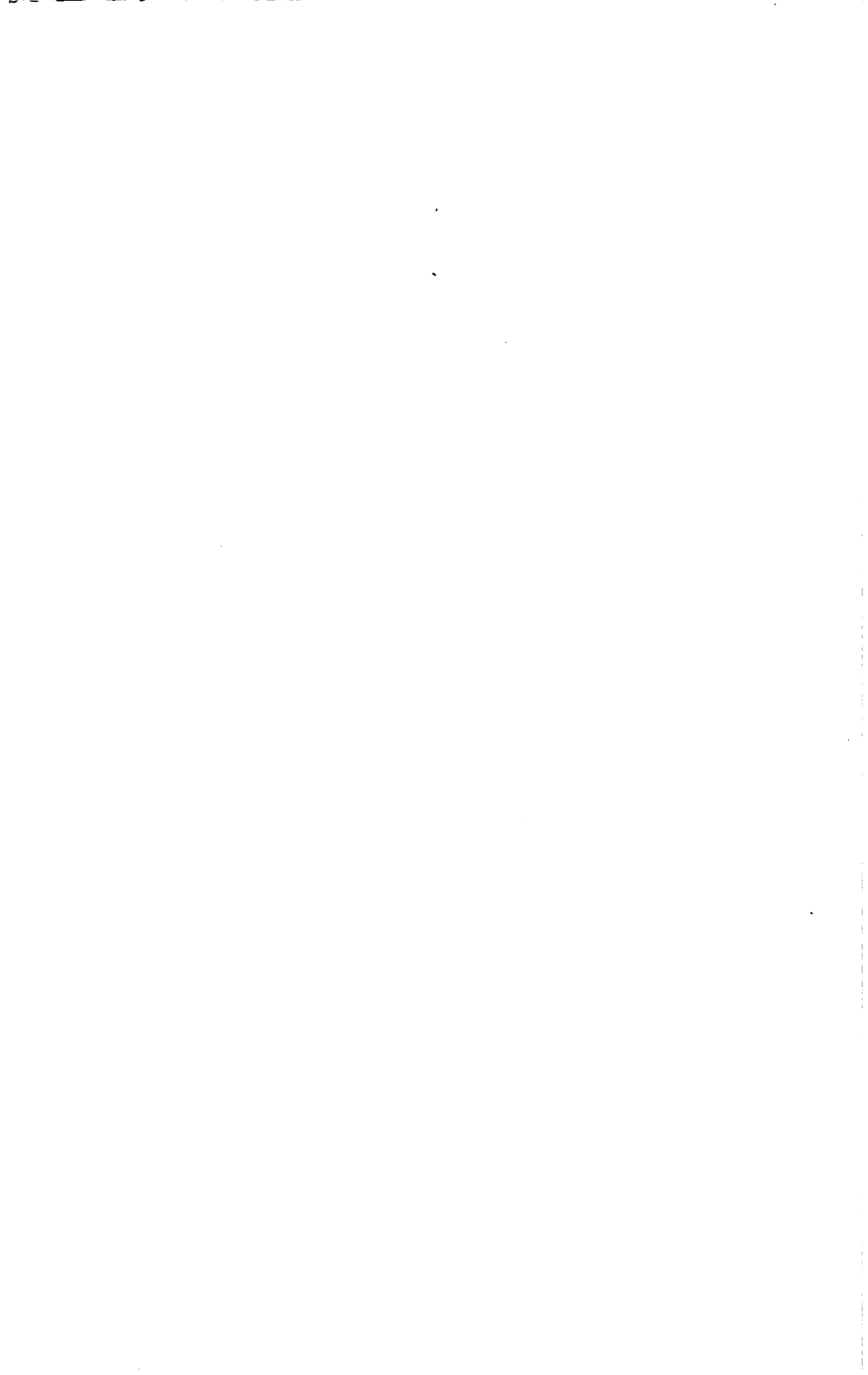
married again in 1824, and lived for fifty-three years with his second wife, who survived him.

A century ago, opportunity for education was limited. Books were scarce and libraries few. Mr. Ballard, however, after leaving school, found the opportunity to educate himself by reading *The Spectator*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Cook's *Voyages*, and similar books, and, at the same time, he evidently attended to the arduous duties of an apprentice with fidelity.

It is interesting to conjecture whether at twenty-six years of age, when this journal was written, he would have acquired a greater ability to express his thoughts, a more considerable knowledge of social, political, and economic conditions, and a keener power of observation if he had had the advantage of modern educational methods.

JOSEPH BALLARD CROCKER.

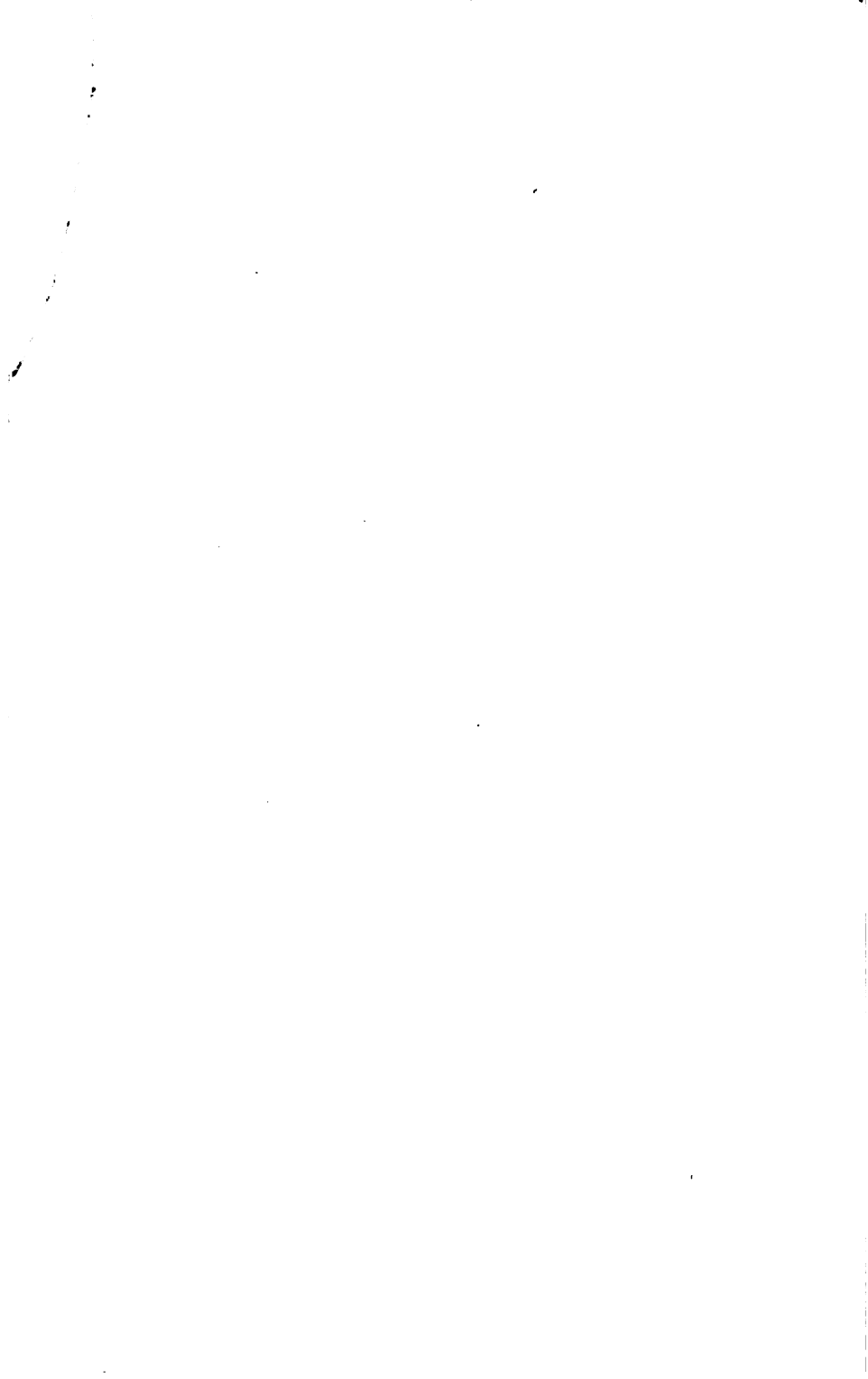
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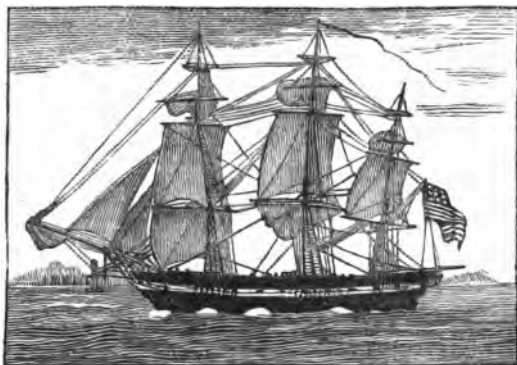


JOURNAL OF JOSEPH BALLARD



MARCH 12 — NOVEMBER 9, 1815





ON Sunday the twelfth day of March One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen, I sailed from Boston on board the Ship Liverpool Packet, Samuel Nickels commander, bound for Liverpool, England. My fellow passengers were Messrs. Barnett, Bangs, Blanchard, Webster,¹ Wheelock, Plumer, Wright, White and Nielson.² The weather was remarkably fine

¹ Professor J. W. Webster, convicted of murdering Dr. George Parkman on November 23, 1849, and later hanged.

² The *Boston Daily Advertiser* of March 13, 1815, gives list of passengers as follows:—

Samuel S. Barnett, Joseph Ballard, Isaac Bangs, Charles Blanchard, Jr., John W. Webster, George Wheelock, George Wright, and William B. White, all of Boston, Nathan Plummer of Newport and J. C. Neilson of Baltimore.

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and appeared likely to continue so, but early in the afternoon there came on a gale of wind with bad weather which lasted with very little interruption until we arrived in the mouth of the Channel. For twenty days scarcely a day passed without snow, hail or rain, and none without a gale of wind. The cold was exceedingly unpleasant to the passengers as the wind prevented our having a fire in the cabin, blowing down the funnel in such a manner as to fill the cabin full of smoke. I suffered more than any other from seasickness, the horrid disagreeable sensations of which I think I shall ever remember. In four days however I was perfectly hearty and well, which I attribute to fasting as many of the rest suffered longer from having eaten while the sickness was upon them.

A few days out we discovered a large island of ice computed to be two miles long and eighty or ninety feet out of water. This alarmed us very much for although we were gratified by the singular beauty of its appearance, yet much was subtracted from that gratification by our sense of danger. We were obliged to be extremely cautious in keeping a good lookout as

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our commander was apprehensive of running upon it in the night.

On the 29th we experienced a tremendous gale of wind. The waves ran mountain high, and presented a scene so terribly grand as to surpass all description: then I would have gladly exchanged our gilded palace of a cabin for the meanest hovel in creation. I do not know a scene in which a man can be placed wherein he appears in one view more insignificant and at the same time in another more powerful, — To view the wide expanse of waters furiously agitated by the storm, and to contrast his best efforts with the power of the elements, shows his insignificance; — when we see him by his nautical skill baffling the force of these elements we are astonished at his power!*

At night the gale still continuing we were gratified by a most magnificent and sublime sight. Hundreds of black fish from eighteen to twenty feet in length were sporting amid the “mountain waves.” Their appearance when first seen very much resembled a drove of hogs, their bellies being of a dirty white color. Dur-

* The following extract from Southey is appropriate to

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ing the storm the fears of us fresh water sailors was not a little augmented by the solicitude expressed in the countenance of one of our fellow passengers who on a former voyage was upset in a vessel and after remaining upon the wreck for ten days was providentially rescued from death by a vessel passing that way. One of his fellow seamen was torn in pieces by a huge shark before his eyes, and he suffered everything that human nature could bear and yet exist.

We passed our time very pleasantly when it did not blow a tempest. Books, conversation and cards served to fill up the vacuity of time.

my sensations upon this day and better descriptive of them than any observations of my own :

" 'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep :
And pause at times : and feel that we are safe,
Then — listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul :
Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
The warring of the raging elements
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not, to look round and only see
The mountain wave, incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters : on the reeling bark :
Oh God ! this is indeed a dreadful thing :
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home : but he remembers it
And thinks upon the suffering mariner."



For Liverpool,

The well known, regular trading copperbottomed ship **LIVERPOOL PACKET**, Samuel Nickles, commander, will positively sail in ballast trim, as soon as the ratification of the treaty is known.— The ship having been a regular trader to Liverpool, is provided with excellent accommodations for passengers. For terms of freight or passage, apply to the master on board at Russell's-wharf, or to *Lemuel Pope, Jr.* Ship Broker, No. 22, State-street. feb 20

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE

FEBRUARY 27, 1815

The ship Liverpool Packet was built at Charlestown, Mass., in 1810.

Length	108 feet	9 in.
Breadth	28 "	8 in.
Depth	14 "	4 in.
Tonnage	395 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gross.	

Owned by Samuel Nickels and Samuel Norwood of Boston.

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Once in a while we held a court of justice where offences against the dignity of the ship were tried, and the culprits fined in sundry bottles of wine to be paid at Liverpool: they being obliged to find security for the liberty of the ship until their arrival at that place. These and other pleasantries served to amuse us.

April 4th we fell in with sixty sail of English vessels under convoy of the *Musquito*, — brig of war from whom we were boarded. They had heard a rumor of peace and the officer appeared highly rejoiced at our confirming it. Our mate went on board with the ship's papers and the captain's compliments offering to furnish their commander with refreshment. After a short detention he returned with the British captain's steward to whom we gave some fowls and newspapers. I gave the boarding officer some of my papers as he observed he should not get a peep at the "old man's." The next morning we were chased by a frigate who compelled us to heave to after firing her bow guns at us several times. It was vexatious in the extreme to be thus detained with a fair wind, but as "might gave

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right" we were forced to comply. When she came up with us she proved to be the *La Pique* of 36 guns mounting 45. We had a full view of her as she passed directly under our stern. She appeared to be a very beautiful vessel. The British lieutenant soon made his appearance upon our quarter deck, and was invited by our captain down into the cabin. He first asked if peace was certain, and was pleased with our answering in the affirmative. Speaking of the treaty he asked "what had become of the southern states" (presuming, I suppose, that the northern ones had made a separate treaty). In the reply something was said respecting the New Orleans affair, when he changed the conversation by a remark upon the weather. The convoy of ships they had with them were from St. Thomas' and consisted of one hundred sail, forty of which they parted with in the violent gale of the 29th. After overhauling our papers he returned on board the ship and most graciously permitted us to proceed. From the time we were boarded from the *Musquito* until our arrival at Liverpool we were surrounded by this fleet. The pilot whom we took on board

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informed us of Bonaparte's return to Paris, but this we considered so improbable an event as to pay no serious attention to it, but thought it a hoax which he was playing off on us Yankees.

On our arrival in the harbour we were boarded by an officer of a 74-gun ship lying at anchor there, who requested Captain Nickels to furnish him with a list of his crew, that in the event of any of them being impressed they might be known and liberated. These orders were from the government, and certainly they indicated a disposition to make the peace of lasting duration as far as regarded this cause of complaint.

At our landing on the wharf at Liverpool we were surrounded by a tribe of girls of the town who welcomed us most cheerfully.

These and innumerable others whom we met in going to our lodgings, together with the sombre appearance of the buildings, first by lamplight made visible, gave me no favorable opinion of the place. After a long walk which (owing to inactivity on board ship) fatigued me exceedingly I arrived at the Liverpool Arms

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(the Inn where Silliman¹ lodged and whose waiter Louis he had most unjustly accused of practising by his politeness upon the purses of the customers). The appearance of the attendants at an inn with hair bepowdered and dressed in an appropriate style was to me so new that it was some time before I could make up resolution to call in a consequential tone to the waiter to bring me anything wanted. The next day we were much pestered by Jews who wished to purchase our gold which at this time was at a great advance above paper money. It was extremely amusing to hear these fellows talk of their American connections. They all positively declared that they did all the trade that was done in their line with America. They also asked very many curious questions — “Were Charlestown, S. C., Baltimore and Norfolk near Boston!” &c. &c.

Liverpool possesses an Athenæum which contains a very large collection of books in every department of literature. There was one book

¹ Benjamin Silliman, noted American scientist, 1779-1864; wrote a journal of travels in England, 1810; first lecturer at the Lowell Institute, 1838.

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I saw which I thought a great curiosity. It was for teaching the blind, the letters being raised so as to be felt by them. I could not distinguish them by feeling, but suppose a blind person could, as the sense of feeling is with them more acute. I was extremely fortunate in my visit to the blind asylum as I found the objects of its charity were engaged in singing. It was extremely solemn. I had never witnessed a scene more so. Twenty five blind men, women, girls and boys composed the choir. They were singing anthems. The female voices were uncommonly fine-toned. There were many spectators present among whom I observed a man with a small blind lad (I presumed his son) whom he had brought for the purpose of being admitted. During the singing the father appeared to be very much affected and "the big tears chased each other down his cheeks." In the hall are tablets whereon are inscribed the names of the donors to this establishment and in every room is a money box with "pray remember the poor blind" written upon it. I was witness to one blind person's walking alone across the yard, going up stairs, and seating

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himself to work at a loom. This he did as readily as if he were blessed with sight. One of the rooms is appropriated as a sales-room where baskets, rugs, &c. are shewn. This admirable institution is certainly an honor to humanity!

The Exchange and the Town Hall are superb buildings. In the former are contained a reading room and an insurance office similar to Lloyd's at London: in the area is an elegant monument to the memory of Lord Nelson. The expense of erecting it was defrayed by voluntary subscription, and the cost 45000 dollars.

I took my passage on Saturday in the coach for Warrington eighteen miles distant from Liverpool. The gardens and fields looked delightful being in quite as forward a state of vegetation as ours in June. I was much amused at the activity of the tumbling boys who turned head over heels at the side of the coach and with such swiftness as to even keep up with it for some time, which is done in expectation that the passengers will throw them a penny, their parents being so miserably poor

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that this is resorted to as a means of subsistence. There were six passengers inside and twelve outside the coach besides the coachman and an abundance of luggage. This added to the weight of the vehicle (which generally is two tons or more), makes it almost incredible that they should be able to go at the rate of seven and eight miles per hour. There is not the least derogation from respectability in riding upon the outside. I should certainly myself give it the preference in fine weather as you are enabled to have a much better view of the country through which you pass than when inside the coach. The danger is however greater in the event of an accident happening to the coach, but as they are made so very strong they are in a degree guarded. We passed the seat of the Earl of Derby.¹ The park is very large. Earl Derby married the celebrated actress Miss Farren. He is much addicted to horse racing and gambling.

Warrington is a manufacturing town. The manufactures consist of glass-houses, iron found-

¹ This was Edward Stanley, twelfth Earl, and founder, in 1780, of the Derby, the most popular of English horse-races.

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ries, cotton works, breweries, &c. It has a gloomy dirty appearance in consequence of these works and the quantity of coal used in them. A large part of its inhabitants subsist by their daily labor in these manufactories. It was late in the evening when I arrived. Opposite the inn were assembled a vast crowd of these workmen having (as it was Saturday night) received their weekly wages. This they were spending in ale which soon intoxicated a greater part and such a scene of riot ensued as I shall not attempt to describe. These men are generally intemperate: were it not for this habit they might live quite comfortably on their wages. As it is, their families are starving for food while they are spending all they can in drink. Saturday night does not satisfy them. Sunday and Monday which is called "blue" or "St. Monday" is kept the same, nor can any emergency of business whatever call them to resume their work if their last week's wages are not all spent. The old women seen in the streets are the most shocking looking creatures I ever beheld. I have seen them clothed in a man's hat and a short jacket over their gowns driving a

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little jackass through the town shewing such a countenance as to bring immediately to one's mind Shakespeare's scene of the witches in Macbeth. There is also an incredible number of children from two to four years of age swarming the street in such a state of nudity and uncleanness as is quite disgusting. These wretched little beings are at quite an early age buried in the manufactories. I saw some in one who were not seven years of age. They had scarcely a rag to cover them. These poor little wretches earn sixty-seven cents a week! Could but the advocates of the manufactures of our country but witness the misery attached to those in Warrington, Sheffield, & Leeds, I am sure they would not so strenuously argue that it is for our national welfare that they should be established in America. I went through an extensive glass work, the proprietors of which pay £600 per week duty to government and £150 wages to the Workmen. They were making a service of glass for the Prince Regent of Portugal, a very superb thing; tumblers were \$15.00 each, wine-glasses \$5.00. The whole would cost \$15,000. It will take one year to finish it. I

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was here introduced to a Swiss gentleman, whom I found an intelligent person. Being a fine day we rambled into the country. The fields bore a charming appearance, surrounded by hedges cut in a most regular manner and blown out in flowers resembling the barberry when in blossom. We stopped at the country house of Mr. A. (with whom we went) and partook of a luncheon of bread, cheese, and ale, and returned to W. to dine. There is but a slight difference between their etiquette at this meal and ours, consequently I have nothing to remark about it except the introduction of apples from France, at the dessert. A conversation took place after dinner respecting the English Clergy, when many sad instances of their misbehaviour were mentioned. This, it was observed, would oft be the case as long as they were independent of their hearers. The Earl of Derby has a living in his gift the income of which is £10,000 a year.¹ This is now in the possession of his lordship's nephew, until his son becomes of age

¹ This living was probably at Winwick, and was held by Rev. John James Hornby, the nephew of this Earl. The living is still one of the richest in England, — £2400 per annum.

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to take it. The occupant of course is making the most of it and the poor tenants are ground to the dust with his exactions. The dissenting clergy, being chosen by their congregations, are an exception to this and are an honor to their profession.

During a walk after dinner we came to a monument erected in commemoration of the defeat of the Scottish rebels in 1775.¹ It is over the spot where the person who erected it concealed his money and plate. These rebels were stopped at Warrington and prevented from crossing the river by the destruction of the bridge. At the glass works I witnessed a most singular operation in the removal of a broken pot from a furnace "seven times heated," and a perfect pot taken from another furnace equally heated and put in the place of the injured one. These large vessels weighed six to seven Cwt. and were so hot that I was obliged to stand at several yards distance from them. A large iron bar was inserted in the mouth of the pot, while another crossed it. The men, clothed in wet

¹ This date should be either 1715 or 1745, on both of which dates the Scottish rebels were in the vicinity of Warrington.

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sacks, bore it along until it was fixed in its proper situation. A few years ago a workman slipped and fell into the furnace but was not injured, the sack preventing his being burned.

At Warrington I became acquainted with Mrs. I. and daughter, with whom I was much pleased. When I entered the house I found Miss I. occupied in the old-fashioned Yankee employment of darning stockings. I was delighted with the ease with which I was received. The young lady continued her work until I inquired for a direction to a place, when she offered to accompany me as a guide. So away we trudged, arm in arm, like old acquaintances. We had a deal of chat and I found her a very pleasant companion.

I took leave of my Warrington friends after many kind invitations to return and pass a few days with them, then went to the Inn and after paying my bill, "boots," waiter and chambermaid, departed in the coach for Manchester. In passing some farmhouses I observed a way they have of fastening fruit trees in the manner of a vine to the side of the house, which answers both for ornament and use, as the reflection of

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the sun ripens the fruit, while the vine hides the dismal looks of the wall, which is solid in consequence of the window tax.

Manchester at its entrance has an agreeable appearance, as there are many fine houses in the suburbs, which serves only to render the disappointment more extreme when you enter the town. It is a very irregularly built place ; a stranger may think himself fortunate if he does not lose himself twenty times a day. The warehouses are in courts, the entrances to which are obscure and difficult. The rooms in which they show the goods are so darkened by the window squares being painted that a person must be a perfect judge of the effect of light and shade or he may be greatly deceived with regard to their fineness.

There is an athenaeum and a reading-room here, supported by subscription. I was highly gratified in viewing the old church, an ancient Gothic building, the tower of which is of a great height : in the interior is some curious carved work, and over the altar a large tapestry picture, the subject of which I could not make out, as it was so defaced by the hand of time.

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Over it was a painted window, the colors in the highest perfection, although ages have elapsed since the work was executed. The whole interior has a cold, damp and gloomy aspect, as the whole floor is composed of gravestones, it being used as a cemetery. Some part of the outside was undergoing a repair.

In the evening I attended the theatre. The performances were "The Battle of Hexham" and "The Miller and his men." The acting was tolerably good, but the scenery and decorations not so handsome as at Boston. There were many ladies in the pit, which is customary here. John Bull in the gallery was quite noisy. Encores were persisted in until every song was repeated, and when a player who had danced a hornpipe did not make his reappearance John became extremely outrageous and kicked up a row which only subsided by the performer's coming forward, stating that he had lamed himself and offering the customary apology beginning with Ladies and Gentlemen, etc.

Manchester is quite a smoky place. Upon my walking a little way out of town I found it was quite fine weather, and what I supposed a foggy

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day was only an accumulation of coal smoke from their manufactories.

The next day I took the coach for Leeds and after passing rapidly through several small places came to one of the most barren, desolate spots of earth I ever beheld. It was very extensive and covered with a brown heath. In other parts of England I have seen similar tracts of land, some of which was not so sterile, and considering the immense population I think might be made to produce something either for man or beast. At the top of a mountain we passed a reservoir of water for supplying a canal in a dry time, the whole a work of art, and from its size it must contain an amazing quantity of water. After passing the wastes mentioned I saw many farms, the land appearing to be in the highest state of cultivation. The farmers all over the county employ old women and children to pick up dung in the streets and roads, and they gain (I am informed) one shilling per day by this miserable employment. The passengers in the coach were a democratic Scotsman and a most loyal English colonel. The Scot was a warm friend to Bonaparte and asserted that the

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ministers had broken every treaty they had made with him. This was sharply resented by the colonel, and there is no telling where the dispute might have ended had not the conversation turned upon American affairs. The colonel complimented the American troops in a curious manner by observing that they were brave and it was not to be wondered at since they "were descendants of Englishmen." It required all my gravity to make an acknowledging bow for this compliment! I frequently found that the bravery displayed by the Americans in the last war was accounted for from this source.

Leeds is a town of considerable consequence. It is not as gloomy and dull in appearance as most of the manufacturing places. The bricks of which the houses are built are of a lighter color, and more resembling ours. There is a reading room here to which I was introduced by a friend. It was well supplied with newspapers, and served me to pass a leisure hour away. This place is famous for its woolen manufactures. On market days a vast quantity of woollens of every description is exposed for sale

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in a large building called the cloth-hall. The dealers in the respective cloths here purchase them and have them dyed and finished to suit themselves. I took a short ride to a village in the vicinity of Leeds, called Heckmondwick. My friend and I dined at a small ale-house, just such a one as Fielding describes in his novel of Tom Jones, and Joseph Andrews. The description was so forcibly brought to my mind by the place that I almost expected Jones or Parson Adams would make his appearance. There was a kind of bread made of oatmeal hanging in large sheets from the ceiling, and pork suspended from the wall, this being the way they cure it, as they seldom pickle it in the manner we do. On our way back to Leeds we met many little children driving jackasses with paniers of coals on their backs. They were carrying them into a neighboring village for sale. We passed near to a large coal pit. The entrance to it was so forbidding that I did not venture down. At Leeds there is a steam engine which draws twenty eight loaded wagons several miles. On Sunday I attended divine service in the morning and in the afternoon took the coach for

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Sheffield. On the road there, passed some ruins, and a pyramid erected by Lord ——¹ at a vast expense as the boundary to a view from Wentworth Castle.

At dusk arrived at Sheffield and sat myself down a solitary being in the travellers' room. I should have preferred the society of a favorite dog or cat to have passed away the "lagging moments" which were to me almost unsupportable. The next day visited some manufactories of cutlery, &c. &c. The manufactories of steel are brought to wonderful perfection. I saw twenty pairs of scissors so small that they were kept in a quill of the common size. The town is surrounded by hills, and were it not for its almost infernal smoke and fire, it would be quite pleasant. The inhabitants of this place partake of the misery resulting from manufactures. The poorer classes are worse off for the articles which they immediately manufacture than the inhabitants of the American back settlements are. Many children not eight years of age are at work in these cursed holes, deprived of education; they consequently grow up in ignorance,

¹ Probably the Marquis of Rockingham.

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and all the comfort or pleasure they have is in drunkenness and sensuality. Many of these little wretches are sent from London work-houses to these manufacturing towns. Often has my heart bled to see a poor little sickly being hard at work, deprived of liberty and fresh air, when its situation demanded the indulgent care of a tender nurse. In the evening I met at the inn the printer of a newspaper, who remarked that Gales who edits the *Intelligencer* was obliged to fly the town for fear of justice, and that his sisters still carry on a book-shop formerly his. Montgomery¹ the poet is the printer of a newspaper here. He bears a most excellent character, and is much esteemed.

Left Sheffield for London ; passed through many fine towns. The country was throughout the whole route highly cultivated. There were three buxon damsels in the coach. After having travelled through the night one of these pulled out a small bottle of rum from her "indispensable" and most kindly asked me to partake with her and her companions. At Woburn

¹ James Montgomery, 1776-1854. Best known as the author of many hymns.

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passed the seat of the Duke of Bedford. The park wall continued about two miles along the road until it terminated by an elegant gateway, — the entrance to the Abbey (as the house is called). Near here the road was cut through a mountain of chalk. It lay in large heaps on each side.

As we approached London the country became thicker settled and more highly cultivated. At St. Albans, twenty-one miles this side, saw the famous abbey which bears that name. The edifice is of stone and is very large. At Islington the houses were pretty and neat, but when I entered the great city I was a little disappointed at the narrow streets and lanes, and its appearance generally, which struck me as being dirty and gloomy. I took lodgings at the New England Coffee House, the general resort of Yankees. After I had dined with the assistance of Mr. Porter found out Mr. Webster and with him, in the evening, attended Drury Lane Theatre. The building is a most noble structure and is furnished with elegant scenery and decorations. The play was *The Unknown Guest*, the concluding scene of which was the storming

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and blowing up a castle. It was admirably represented. There were soldiers drawing cannon, bomb shells flying and bursting upon the ramparts, &c. &c., the whole forming I should suppose, a perfect resemblance of a battle. The after-piece was The Woodman's Hut; one scene of which represents a cottage struck by lightning and consumed, another a wood which took fire and spread until it consumed a row of cottages. One of the actresses much resembles Mrs. Darley. Munden is much like Bernard.

On visiting the Bank of England I was astonished at its magnitude and the number of clerks employed. Many of the rooms in this great paper-mill of England resembled an extensive school, where the clerks like boys were each set down to his task. The entrances are guarded by the porters dressed in scarlet coats with badges on their arms denoting their employment, and by Beadles with a curious uniform and huge gold-laced hats.

Guildhall is a very large building but, with the exception of a few monuments, is not handsome. These monuments are quite elegant and are erected in memory of Chatham, Pitt, Nel-

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son & Beckford,¹ the last representing Beckford in his Mayor's robes holding in his hand the famous speech which he made to the King in 1770. This was erected by the city as a testimony of their approbation of his sentiments. There are also two mighty images here painted as fine as puppets called Gog and Magog. The Royal Exchange is a capacious building, but has been robbed of a deal of its elegance by the hand of time. The statues in the niches are very much decayed, which altogether renders it less interesting as a fine building than I expected. All the public buildings in the city are injured in their appearance by the smoke of coal (which is here burnt altogether for fuel) and which adheres to the stones.

In the area of the Exchange, merchants from all parts of the earth meet to transact business. It is hung around with advertisements; one I remarked as being very singular: — a dentist had formed his of the decayed teeth which he had extracted from the jaws of his patients.

¹ William Beckford, 1709–1770, Lord Mayor of London, 1762 and 1769. Speech mentioned was made May 28, 1770, and he died June 21, 1770.

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These were arranged in such a manner as to give a much prettier effect than one would suppose rotten bones were capable of doing. The Mansion House, the residence of the Mayor of London, has a very heavy and gloomy appearance, more befitting a prison than for the purpose it is intended.

20th. This evening attended Covent Garden Theatre. The outside, as well as that of Drury Lane and the Opera, is guarded by soldiers to keep proper order. The play was Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet*. Miss O'Neil¹ sustained the character of Juliet in a style which as far surpassed our actresses as the celebrated Cooke² did our actors. The funeral scene was extremely solemn; the friars and attendants were over sixty persons who chanted the service in the manner of the Romish church. The music and singing was very fine. The after piece was *Lembucca*, a modern melodrama resembling

¹ Eliza O'Neil, afterwards Lady Becher, born in Ireland 1791, died 1872. Made her début as Juliet at Covent Garden Theatre in 1814. Was for five years until her marriage England's most popular actress.

² George Frederick Cooke died in New York in 1811, and was regarded by Edmund Kean as the greatest of actors.

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Tekeli. The scenery and dresses to this were very handsome. There were frequently one hundred performers on the stage at once. The decorations of this house on the auditors' parts (in the auditorium) are not so elegant as those of Drury Lane, yet I think the scenery more elegant. There is always attending these theatres an immense number of women of the town. With the exception of the first boxes which are designated as dress boxes they go into all parts of the house and seat themselves where they please. I have often seen many of them in boxes with ladies and gentlemen apparently respectable. The streets are also thronged with these miserable wretches who accost every person who passes along. Many of them have not where to lay their heads, and pass the night in the streets in any corner which will afford them a shelter. At Covent Garden Theatre, Liston, one of the performers, is endued with such comical powers of countenance that one must have a perfect command of the risible powers to prevent himself from laughing before he utters a word. There are also some fine dancers at this house, but these ladies are so thinly clad and

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throw themselves into such indecent postures that I think a New England audience would not have tolerated them. At night a good many of the streets and stores are lighted up with gas. The brilliancy of light thrown out this way is astonishing; compared with it the oil lamps look like a "dim candle at noon." It is prepared in some building erected for the purpose and conducted through the streets in pipes like an aqueduct, consequently all the proprietors have to do is to turn a cock and apply a candle and the house or street is lighted.

Within these last few days there has been posted upon the walls and distributed about the city a handbill offering a reward of £1000 to any person who will apprehend and bring to the old Bailey for trial, Seignor Napoleon Buonaparte, accused with the murder of Captain Wright "contrary to the statutes of Geo. &c. &c. in that case made and provided." One of the public papers remarks that Government should look to this handbill, but as it appears so much like catching the devil it is pretty well understood to be a hoax.

The Tower of London is a large pile of

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buildings surrounded by a deep moat. At my entering within the walls I was joined by one of the yeomen of the guards as a conductor. He was habited in the uniform worn by that corps ever since the reign of Henry the 7th, which is grotesque enough ! In the first place he conducted me to the Spanish armory where there is an immense collection of the arms used by the Spaniards in their attempts to invade England with the Armada. Queen Elizabeth's effigy dressed in the identical clothes worn by her at that time is in this room, standing by the side of her horse. The horse armoury, where are the seventeen kings from William to George the 2nd on horseback, is next shown. This room also contains a great many suits of very ancient armor preserved in the highest perfection. The attendant generally gabbles through the history of these curiosities in a dull monotonous tone, and should you unfortunately ask him a question in the middle of his story, you must have the patience to hear it all over again, as they never can tell where they stopped. One of the effigies of a king whose armor had been taken off

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to be repaired had a dirty old bed blanket thrown over his head and shoulders. He of course made a most laughable appearance sitting on horseback among his brother kings in polished armor. My guide, not noticing the circumstance, when he came to him went on with countenance unmoved in his story — “this is King &c., with his polished armor of steel, &c &c.” Upon my laughing out at his description of the poor blanketed king, he looked up and exclaimed “Oh dear! I’ve forgotten; his armor’s gone to be mended!” The Volunteer Armoury is the most beautiful of the whole, containing more than thirty thousand stands of arms, most fancifully arranged into pillars and other devices. The next is the Sea Armoury, containing arms sufficient for 50,000 sailors and marines. In the royal train of artillery are many curious cannon and mortars, the trophies of victories. Last is shown the Jewel Office, where the Regalia are kept. This is shown through iron bars to prevent theft. A few weeks ago an insane woman made an attempt to snatch some of the jewels from the crown, but did not succeed in getting any of them, al-

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though she considerably injured it. The value of these jewels and plate is two millions of pounds sterling. They are shown to you by a woman who repeats parrot-like her story. At coming out you write your name and place of residence in a book kept for the purpose. The yeoman points out the rooms occupied by Sir Francis Burdett¹ during his imprisonment here, also the room where the young princes were smothered by order of Richard the Third, and the staircase under which they were buried. Tower Hill, so famed for the executions performed upon it, is near the Tower, and takes its name from that circumstance.

In my visits to Mr. Webster I have had occasion to notice the celebrated Hospitals where so many of our physicians have received a part of their education. Guy's Hospital is a spacious building designed for the reception of patients afflicted with any disease. In front is a large court-yard wherein stands the statue of

¹ Sir Francis Burdett, who published in *Cobbett's Register* in 1810 a letter denying the right of the Commons to imprison for libel. His arrest being ordered he created quite a sensation by barricading his house and resisting arrest for four days.

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Sir Tho^s Guy its founder. Opposite the building is St. Thomas' Hospital, a similar institution. In one of its courts is the statue of Edw^d 3^d and in another of Rob^t Clayton, both its benefactors. There are also several other statues in niches. The number of patients received yearly into these institutions is immense.

They have a wonderful way in this great city of showing off to advantage everything they have to sell. One has at his windows roasting jacks, with shapes of birds, mutton, beef, &c. cut out of wood turning upon them ; another a patent hat which (to show that it is water proof) is floating in a vessel of water ; another water filtering through a stone ; another men's eyes, legs, arms, &c., to supply the loss of those members ; in short, there is such an endless variety of objects at the shop windows that it would take a volume to describe them. The draper's and jeweller's shops are set out in such an enticing manner that it is absolutely dangerous to the purse of a stranger. A one-pound note goes here just about as far as two dollars. Many articles (not excluding those manufactured here) are

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retailed at but a little lower price than in Boston. This is caused by the excessive taxes and the high price that all articles of living bear. Beef is one shilling; veal 10^d; butter 2^s 4^d, and everything in proportion.

22nd. This evening went to Astley's amphitheatre near Westminster Bridge. The interior is very pretty, lighted by a splendid chandelier, which descends through the ceiling and when coming down makes a beautiful appearance. The performances were of the pantomime and equestrian kind, the subject being the Life and death of the high-mettled racer. During this piece there was a correct representation of a horse race. The pit was railed through the centre, and the horses started from the back of the stage at a long distance from the audience, and passed through the pit. A fox chase was also admirably done, from the starting of the fox until his death, the dogs and horses in full speed after the little animal. This was so illusive that the audience heartily joined in the tally - ho of the huntsmen, etc. In the course of the harlequinade a curious transformation set the house in a roar. A barber was carrying

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a wig box whereupon was written "Judge Wisdom's wig." The clown desiring to see it, he set it down and opened it, when a large wig (such as the judges in this country wear upon the bench) appeared. Harlequin struck it with his sword and out marched a venerable owl who majestically stalked across the stage and made his exit. Such success had this piece met with that tonight was the one hundredth night of its representation.

23rd Being Sunday I attended divine service at Whitehall chapel. Before this place Charles the 1st was beheaded. It was formerly designed as a banqueting house. The inside is handsome; at one end is a splendid canopy, composed of crimson and gold, erected for the allied sovereigns when upon their visit to this country the last summer. Here are also suspended the banners captured from the enemies of England at different periods, among them some French eagles, and four or five American standards taken at Detroit and Queenstown. The galleries were filled with officers and soldiers, being the church that the military attend. The preacher was a very good one; the subject

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of his discourse being the comfort derived from a religious life, particularly under the loss of friends. The music was admirably performed by the Duke of York's band. The introduction of the trumpet particularly gave it a grand and sublime effect. I was not a little distracted from my devotions in looking at the ceiling, which is finely painted; the subject (being designed for the banqueting room) presented a curious contrast to the solemnity of the service.

Very near this place are the King's mews, which I went through. There are some fine horses here, particularly six cream-colored ones, whose skins were so sleek that they resembled satin. They are scarcely ever used except when the Prince goes to Parliament. The expense of keeping these beasts amounts to more than President Madison's salary, yet they are quite useless a great part of the time. I asked my friend who accompanied me if he did not feel a pride in showing a plain republican all this grandeur (for the building was like a palace). He replied in the affirmative, but his self satisfaction was not a little dissipated on my reminding him that he by taxes, &c. dearly had

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to pay for it. Seeing all this unnecessary expense to a country groaning beneath its weight of taxes, must make an American more dearly appreciate the simplicity of the establishment of his own government, which has excluded this useless waste of money.

I took dinner at Kentish Town, a small village three miles from London. The hospitality with which I was treated was highly gratifying to me, a stranger. In the evening I attended divine service and was pleased with the church, a small neat building, the sides of which were full of monuments, many of them handsomely sculptured. The service was devoutly performed. There is something so inexpressibly solemn in beholding old and young, rich and poor, upon their knees supplicating the Supreme Being to hear their prayers, that I wish it were adopted into our form of worship. Gloria Patri sung by a choir of small children had a charming effect. The subject of the discourse was our duty to love God with all our might and strength. The preacher was a good one and seemed to feel impressed with the importance of his subject.

On Monday morning I went to London and

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at night attended Drury Lane to see Kean in Richard the Third. He is quite a favorite of the town. His conception of the character is just, and in many scenes falls not short of Cooke, but his voice is so bad that when he attempts to raise it above a certain pitch it destroys the effect of his acting. The after piece was a modern production of the kind where sense is banished to please the eye with fine scenery, &c.

25th This day went through St. Paul's cathedral. The particular description of this wonderful building is so well known to all that to attempt it would be unnecessary. It is a source of great regret that it is in so crowded a situation. There should be a large space unencumbered with buildings, around it, to show it to advantage. In the court of the building are many fine marble monuments. These are daily augmenting, as it is appropriated for that purpose, in the manner of Westminster Abbey which is now quite full. From the galleries are suspended many tattered flags. Some of these were taken by the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. The model of St. Paul's in one of the towers is a great curiosity. It was made

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by Sir Christopher Wren, and it was intended to have this church built like it. The floor of the Library is also very curious, being composed of a vast number of pieces put together without nails. From the whispering gallery you can look down into the court or area below, and such is the amazing distance that a man walking there looks no larger than a mite. Passing up the great number of stairs through one of the small towers is apt to bring to mind scenes described in romances. When I descended from the dome, I found that the service had just begun in the chapel. Curiosity led me in and I found eight or ten men and boys dressed in dirty surplices chanting prayers in such a lazy, ridiculous manner that had I not been disgusted with the impropriety of it I should have laughed outright. I thought that they had not only "erred and strayed" but sung like "lost sheep." It rather resembled the braying of an ass. If this is the way the Deity is to be petitioned, I should like to know what idea the chapter of St. Paul's has of Him. There were not more than twenty auditors present for such mockery was more calculated

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to drive them hence than to invite more. In almost every room in the building is a person who demands two-pence for showing it. This is a great disgrace to a nation possessed of the taste to erect such a magnificent pile. It is the fashion, however, in this country to demand a fee for showing all curiosities, either public or private.

In walking the streets in the city a person must always keep upon the right-hand side or he will receive many a knock. The carriages always drive the reverse. There is always an immense number in the street, extending as far as the eye can reach, one line coming and another going, the side paths so full at the same time of foot passengers, that if one makes a full stop he stops fifty behind. As I came from the church I met a funeral. It was preceded by two mutes, with black staffs and bands, then a man bearing a board full of black ostrich feathers upon his head; after this the plumed hearse "came nodding on" followed by mourning coaches and mutes in bands and cloaks. There is always enough to attract a stranger's attention in the streets of London ;

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persons with large labels pasted upon boards to inform you where are the best eating houses, or who always sells the highest prize, or some wonderful medicine that cures every disease. These fellows thrust small papers into your hands as you pass by. Any tradesman who has served the royal family, even in the minutest articles, immediately becomes pastry-cook, &c. to his royal highness the prince regent, and by raising the royal arms elegantly carved and gilded over his door takes special care that none shall remain ignorant of his honor. I happened to meet in the street the Lord Mayor and sheriffs returning in state from Guildhall. The coach is carved and gilt all over. The picture of it is in almost every child's picture book. This, as well as the liveries of the servants, is in the same style which has been in use for years. The whole equipage is most plentifully bedaubed with gold. The mace bearer was in the carriage with the mayor, and the sheriffs in their carriages followed,—the whole escorted by a mob of boys huzzaing!

28th Today went to Greenwich. The road is over London Bridge. This bridge is esteemed

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to be quite unsafe and is to be pulled down and another erected in its stead. Near the bridge the Monument "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies!" This is all accounted in a ruinous condition and is considerably out of the perpendicular, so much so that the workmen apprehend considerable trouble whenever it is removed, as the upper stones act as a binder or balance and when taken off will cause the bottom part to fall. From London Bridge there is a fine view of the shipping and boats on the river. On the road I observed an inn-keeper's sign with this inscription :

" Thomas Smith, formerly coachman to the
honorable Alexander Hope "

This man, it seems, is not ashamed to tell who he was !

I found Greenwich hospital to be indeed a "royal institution." Its appearance bespeaks more the magnificence of a palace than a receptacle for the infirm and aged. I saw many old seamen reclining at their ease beneath the piazza. They were clothed in blue clothes and cocked hats. Many of these hardy veterans had

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lost an arm or leg, and almost all were scarred. Each one has a little cabin fitted up like the stateroom of a ship. These are kept perfectly clean and neat, and many of them are ornamented with little pictures, &c. according to the fancy of the occupant. One who had been in the Battle of the Nile had Nelson's portrait and a picture of the action to adorn his cabin. These little luxuries are at their private expense, as they have a shilling a week tobacco money allowed them by the institution. This and similar establishments for the comfort of aged and infirm warriors have conduced in a great manner to make England "invincible in arms," as the sailor has the comfortable assurance that his country will not neglect him in his old age, who has devoted his younger days to its service. The hall of the hospital is a most beautiful place. The ceiling was painted by Sir James Thornhill. There are many ingenious deceptions in the painting of the sides also, such as pillars, doors, &c. A gentleman who was present with some ladies in company, had a key handed to him by the guide who told him to go through a door in the wall and show the ladies

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the garden. He readily took the key but was not a little mortified at finding that what he and all the spectators present had taken for a door was only a deception of painting. In this hall is a superb car whereon Lord Nelson's remains were carried to St. Paul's for interment, also a splendid vase and furniture for the hall to the amount of £10,000, presented by a widow lady. The chapel opposite is very elegant. The floor is of checquered marble. Over the altar is a picture of the shipwreck of St. Paul, by West. The observatory, (so celebrated) is situated in a park of great extent, from which there is a noble view of London and the river Thames.

A stranger finds no difficulty in getting a conveyance at any hour in the day to any of the adjoining villages, as there are coaches which ply to and from the different places, the fares of which are quite moderate, being from London to Greenwich (six miles) one shilling. In every noted street in the city coaches stand at all hours of the day and night. They are not so elegant as ours, yet are decent. The drivers are kept in order by the severity of the laws. They are obliged to give you a ticket of their

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number if you demand it, which is evidence as to the carriage in case they take improper fees, or otherwise impose upon you. The magistrates always severely punish these fellows when found guilty.

29th This evening went to Drury Lane and saw Kean perform Penruddock in "The Wheel of Fortune." I think I never saw finer acting. He particularly excels in characters where the voice is not to be raised very high. Mr. Bartley performed in the farce Sir David Dunder. This he did in his admirable style. He is famous in the character of Sir John Falstaff.

30th This day walked out to Chelsea to view the hospital. It is a similar establishment to Greenwich, being for the comfort of decayed soldiers. The edifice is not so elegant as that of Greenwich, but the situation is airy and pleasant. I found the soldiers in the chapel, a plain room ornamented with a picture over the altar of the resurrection of Christ with the soldiers around the tomb. The hardy looking veterans were all kneeling at their prayers. There were a great many strangers present. Passing from the chapel I entered the dining-hall and

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found the dinner-table spread in a neat and clean manner. Each soldier is allowed for his Sunday dinner a pound of meat, a loaf of bread, a quarter of a pound of cheese and a quart of beer. At one end of this room is a fine picture representing Charles the Second trampling Rebellion under foot. In the background is the hospital, to which he was a benefactor. Viewing the ease with which these old soldiers pass the remnant of their days makes me feel not a little ashamed of my native land, nor could I help contrasting the comfort of their lives with many of our old Revolutionary patriots, who bled for the independence of that country which leaves them in old age to indigence and want.

Returning I passed through St. James and Hyde Parks. These are delightful promenades. Over the canal is a gingerbread looking bridge of the Chinese fashion, which was erected when the grand jubilee took place. St. James' and Queen's palaces are quite inferior looking buildings. There are many handsome squares and streets in the west part of the town, which is the residence of the nobility and gentry. In the evening attended divine service at the Magdalen

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hospital, a receptacle for penitent prostitutes. The Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia were present. They are children of the king's brother. They came in the carriage with servants and attendants in abundance. The church was very much crowded. The "magdalens" were in a gallery, screened from the view of the audience. The subject of the sermon was the resurrection of our Saviour, at the close of which an affecting appeal was made to the penitents. The music was very fine. The choir was composed of the unfortunate girls, whose leader was a woman who formerly received the benefit of this institution, is now reputably married, and is hired for that purpose. When I reflected how many females were rescued from perdition by this admirable institution I could not withhold my prayers in the words of the anthem "that these walls might be with gladness crowned," nor could I help regretting how few of our sex there are

"who scorn

To plant within the female breast a lasting thorn."

When I arrived at my friend's door, a gentleman who was in company took his handkerchief

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out to wipe his face, and in returning it to his pocket a person behind received it into his hand and made off. This afforded us much mirth, as a person here never gets his pocket picked but he is laughed at for complaining about it.

1st May. This day the chimney sweeps have a grand jubilee. These sons of soot parade the streets fantastically dressed out in gilt paper jackets with gaudy wreaths around their heads, their faces besmeared with soot, and their hair powdered. They go from house to house begging money. Lady Montague, who had lost her son, and after a very long search found him apprenticed to a sweep, left by will a sum of money to purchase annually a dinner at Paddington for as many of these sable sons as choose to attend. The hackney coachmen also have abundance of ribbons on their hats in honor of the season.

It being a charming morning I went to Westminster Abbey. My way was over Westminster Bridge which is much the handsomest structure of the kind which is finished. Being rather heated with walking I took a turn into

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Westminster Hall to cool myself, as the dampness of the Abbey renders it dangerous to go into in that state. The Hall is quite large. There were many lawyers, dressed in their gowns and wigs, promenading it. At one end is the Court of Chancery, a small, dirty, dark room, 30 feet square. The judge, Sir Thomas Plomer, sat upon a bench at one end, and the lawyers in a pit in the middle of the room. As the pleadings were quite uninteresting to me I soon left the place. The Abbey is an ancient and noble building. I entered at the Poets' Corner; found divine service performing. The effect of the organ through the long arched aisles was inexpressibly sublime and grand, and the appearance of the painted windows through the same truly beautiful. Time has crumbled to dust many of the ancient monuments, but the great beauty of some of the modern ones deserves notice, particularly one to the memory of Lady Nightingale. It represents Death bursting from the tomb and aiming his dart at the bosom of the wife, who is looking up with confidence expressed in her countenance for protection from her husband, whose agony is extreme

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at beholding her implore that assistance which is unavailing. The work is so well done as to raise doubts at first of its being marble. The monuments of Wolfe, Chatham, Pitt and André are fine pieces of sculpture. You are also shown, to the disgrace of the nation, some wax figures in cases. I hardly need observe that after viewing these fine pieces of workmanship, such baby-works are peculiarly disgusting and insipid. The Coronation chairs are here. In the seat of one of them is the stone brought from Scone in Scotland and on which the Scottish kings were crowned. I could not resist among the rest of the visitors the desire to sit in the chairs which have been successively occupied by a "line of kings." In one of the chapels are hung the banners of the Knights of the Garter, with the crests and armorial bearings, beneath which are seats for their use on state occasions. The workmen were repairing one end of the Abbey which was damaged some years ago by fire.

In the afternoon went to the House of Commons. The room in which the members sit is 40 feet by 80 feet, and not much more elegant

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than our old court-house at Boston. Over the Speaker's chair are the royal arms, carved and gilded. The Speaker (Mr. Abbott) seemed to be quite an active man. His head was covered with a large wig similar to those the judges wear. The Commons were debating upon the propriety of accepting a most impudent petition from the city against going to war with Bonaparte. In this petition they called the Parliament a corrupt one, and the ministry wicked, weak and dangerous men. Lord Castlereagh made no reply. The speakers were Whitbread, Best, Ponsonby, Vansittart, Sumner, Curtis, Burdett, Baring, Tierney and Peele. Whitbread resembles Otis in fluency and Ponsonby Dexter in solidity of arguing. The rest were not above mediocrity. Sir Francis Burdett was a miserably bad orator, I think, but it is hazardous perhaps a hasty opinion that the talents of our State Legislature would not lose much by a comparison with that of the House of Commons.

May 4th. This day it is the custom for the priests and parish officers to take a number of boys of the parish to the boundaries of it for

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the purpose of perpetuating in their memories the recollection of it. I chanced to be in a warehouse which stood in two parishes, and was a witness to the novelty. The boys, headed by the officers, entered without ceremony into the place, and with wands which they had, struck a plate of brass affixed to the wall. Sometimes they meet with the boys of another parish, and not infrequently does a combat ensue.

The Queen¹ held a levee this morning. The park was crowded with spectators to see the company go into the palace. The equipages were extremely brilliant. Many of the carriages had behind three great fellows with splendid liveries and gold-headed canes in their hands. The gentlemen wore powdered hair and bags; the ladies were elegantly dressed with three ostrich plumes on their heads, in the manner of the Prince Regent's plume. Many of these fair dames had them of such immoderate length that they were obliged to sit stooping for fear the top of the carriage would discompose their head-dress. The most singular spectacle was some ladies in

¹ Queen Charlotte Sophia, wife of George III.

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sedan-chairs, dressed with hoop petticoats, preceded by two and three footmen. The Prince Regent¹ and Duke of Kent surrounded with a body of fine horse-guards passed along in their carriages with great rapidity. Guards were also stationed along the park where they drove. The Prince Regent is not very fond of showing himself to the people, as they take a disagreeable liberty of speaking very frankly to him. He endured much mortification when the Emperor of Russia was here last year, for when he made his appearance with him, the mob would cry out aloud, "You d——d rascal, where's your wife?"

At night attended Covent Garden Theatre to see Mr. Kemble and Miss O'Neil in the play of *The Stranger*. The performances this evening were never, in my opinion, surpassed for excellence. Kemble has a very singular voice, and I think is a little too formal and precise, yet his acting is elegant. When I speak of Miss O'Neil I cannot find words to express

¹ The Prince Regent, later George IV, married Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of Brunswick in 1795, whom he neglected and later tried to divorce.

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sufficiently my admiration of her acting. It is said she excels Mrs. Siddons when she first appeared upon the London boards. Her person is most beautiful. She possesses a fine tonic voice and a very expressive countenance.

I observed at a print shop a paper headed "British Valor." It was a proposal to publish two prints representing the victory of his Majesty's ship "Endymion" over the American frigate "President," with a comparison of the respective weights of metal and number of men, whereby is shown the vast superiority of the latter over the former — 'the whole designed by a relative of Captain Hope of the "Endymion."' John Bull swallows all this nor would disbelieve it if Admiral Hotham's letter was in the next window, for he has always been taught that "Britannia rules the waves."

7th. Attended divine service at St. Andrew's church. The subject of the discourse was the ascension of Jesus Christ. I was not much pleased with the preacher. He seemed to be quite insensible to the importance of his subject. The church is adorned with a painted

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window representing in one compartment Christ's Last Supper, and in another the Ascension. These paintings are more than two hundred years of age, yet the colors remain perfect and brilliant. At each side of the organ are paintings; one representing our Saviour healing the blind ("and after that He put His hands again upon his eyes and made him look up and he was restored and saw every man clearly." Matt. 8;25); the other His delivering His Sermon on the Mount. "He went up into a mountain and when He was set His disciples came unto him." I think the fine paintings illustrating the events of our Saviour's life with which the English churches abound are calculated —

"To raise at once our reverence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and charm the sight,
To pour religion through th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of ecstasy.
For this the mimic Art with Nature vies,
And bids the visionary form arise.
Who views with sober awe, in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes fires,
Feels a new ardor to his soul convey'd,
Submissive bows, and venerates the shade."
(Louth)

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There were present about two hundred charity children who are supported and educated by the parish. They were dressed in a neat blue uniform appropriate to their condition. In the evening went to the Foundling Hospital, an institution for the reception of deserted infants. Here they are maintained and educated until of proper age to be apprenticed out. I was fortunate enough to arrive at an interesting period. Sixteen young men and women who had been apprenticed out this evening returned thanks to Almighty God for bringing them to this charity when they were deserted by their natural parents. The text of the discourse was "Jesus wept." It was a very finished composition and particularly adapted to the occasion. The preacher in an elegant and argumentative manner pointed out the advantages of Christian sensibility and inferred that from that source the support of this institution flowed. The singing was very beautiful. Several eminent musical performers assisted the choir. There were upwards of five hundred of the children present, their ages from three to eleven years. At the end of the chapel is a picture by West of Christ

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receiving little children. "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is impossible to see the countenance of our Saviour as expressed by the pencil of West without the heart acknowledging that this was "the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." At the door a person stands to receive the charity of the visitors, which (as it is always crowded) amounts to a very considerable sum, and as it is understood that it is strictly applied to the purpose of the establishment, the liberality of the donors is conspicuous.

8th. This morning I spent four hours in the British Museum. The building is capacious and contains curiosities to a vast amount, being the collection of years. Here is a grand collection of Roman and Grecian household utensils, coins, statues, &c. &c.; with this department I was particularly pleased, as it was very interesting to behold relics which brought us home, as it were, to their very households. Several students were busied in drawing from the statues. The other part of the building contains a large library, manuscripts, minerals,

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and other curios, a particular account of which is given in the catalogue. This institution is shown with some regard to national honor, as no money is allowed to be given to the attendants, who are quite as civil as those paupers who show other places. Every visitor is obliged to write his name and place of residence in a book, upon entrance.

Miss Linwood's gallery of needlework is perhaps the most extraordinary exhibition in the world; there are fifty-three large pictures done by her own hands with the needle, in worsted. The execution of them is so admirable that it requires a nice eye to discriminate between them and paintings. Jephtha sacrificing his daughter and a head of our Saviour are particularly fine. In one room fitted up to resemble a Gothic abbey are apartments wherein are many interesting pieces executed in the most natural manner.

At night went to Sadler's Wells, a little theatre at Islington. The house was crowded with spectators; the performances were of the lowest kind of buffoonery and harlequinade. Grimaldi the celebrated clown performed. His

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fame has certainly not been over-rated, as he is one of the drollest dogs I ever beheld. The amusement of the evening concluded with a representation of the Battle of the Nile, on real water. The battle ships manœuvered about in a dashing style. The whole concluded with blowing up of the French ship L'Orient.

This month the exhibition of paintings at Somerset House is open for the reception of visitors. The building is magnificent and has beside the apartment for the exhibition many rooms for public offices. The pictures exhibited were above one thousand, and consisted of the choicest works of the artists. With pleasure I observed two pieces done by Americans, one by Allston representing the Lady Mencia in Gil Blas recovering from a swoon in the cave of the robbers. It was finely executed but it appeared to great disadvantage, being placed in a bad light. Morse's¹ picture did not so warmly meet my approbation, as his subject, young Payne in the character of Zaphna, was not calculated to display much taste. The pictures which most pleased me were the "Distraining for Rent"

¹ S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

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and the "Departure for London." In the first the terror and grief which the poor cottagers are thrown into by the sheriff's officer and their nonchalance in the midst of it, with all the minutiae of the furniture of an humble cot are so well delineated that the illusion is complete, and you are placed in the midst of the scene. In the "Departure for London" an old man has a young one by the hand while the rest of the family are busied in packing his trunk for the journey. In the background a domestic is tying his dog to prevent his following him. The anxiety of the old man's countenance was forcibly expressed. He seems to be saying "Take care that the temptations of the great city do not undermine those good principles which it has been my greatest pleasure to inculcate." There were many fine specimens of sculpture [in Somerset House]; in particular one designed as a monument to General Brock who was killed in Upper Canada.

In the afternoon curiosity led me and two friends to the far-famed King's Bench Prison. It is in the Burrough over London Bridge. The walls around it are very high and capacious.

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Within, it resembles a small town. There is a market, coffee-house, post-office, bake-house, shops, etc. etc. There were confined here 500 prisoners, a great many of whom were enjoying a game of racket. Some were smoking and drinking and others were promenading the yard. The guide pointed out to us de Berenger¹ the person who personated the Frenchman in Lord Cochrane's hoax. Lord Cochrane² is closely confined in a room for making his escape from his imprisonment here. After he had done so he took his seat in the House of Commons, where he was arrested. We were shown the room where

¹ Charles R. de Beranger, an officer in the English army.

² Thomas Cochrane, later tenth Earl of Dundonald; born 1775; died 1860. He was accused in 1814 of complicity in originating a fraudulent report of the entrance of the Allies into Paris and the death of Napoleon. This deception was for the purpose of influencing the stock market, and although Lord Cochrane claimed to be entirely innocent, he was imprisoned for a year, fined, and expelled from the House of Commons. His later career was very interesting, for he was enrolled successively in the Chilean, the Brazilian, and the Greek navies, finally coming back to the British navy, of which he was Admiral, 1848-1854. He was exonerated in 1831 by William IV from all complicity in the so-called "Hoax" mentioned above, was restored to his rank and honors in 1847 by Queen Victoria, and in 1877 his heirs recovered a considerable sum as damages for his imprisonment and loss of pay.

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the celebrated Mrs. Clark¹ was confined. It was a small place and formed I should presume quite a contrast to the apartments of the royal Duke. There were many genteel looking persons in confinement. The keeper observed that some lived at the rate of ten or twelve pounds a week expense (\$50.) and that very few who came with money ever departed with any, and that this was not caused by the high prices of articles, (for they are at liberty to send without the walls for them) but to an extravagance which all become habituated to.

On our walk home we passed by a building newly erected for the purposes of a Bedlam. Its exterior is perfectly elegant, more resembling a palace than a madhouse. We were not permitted to view the interior of the building.

In the evening went to the Surrey Theatre, a small house devoted to dramatic and equestrian performances. I was not pleased with the acting, but the scenery was quite as elegant as

¹ Mary Anne Clarke, born, London, 1776; died, Boulogne, 1852. An English woman of obscure origin, mistress of the Duke of York and notorious from public scandals arising from this connection. She was imprisoned in 1813 for a libellous publication, and after 1815 lived in Paris.

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at the larger houses. The audience was of the citizen order, the nobility never making their appearance at such common places !

Sunday, 14th. Attended St. Catherine's church this morning. Like most churches in which I have been, it has marble monuments in memory of the dead. One of them is a recumbent figure ; I thought it handsome. The prayers were read remarkably well, and the music consisting of a choir of charity boys and girls was good. The sermon was designed as preparatory to a collection, to be taken on the ensuing Sabbath, for the purpose of aiding missions and Bible societies ; the text was Acts 10th, 34th verse. The preacher observed in the course of it that the ancestors of those present once sacrificed to idols, and were it not for the exertions of missionaries sent to them by the pious christians in the earlier ages they might now be groping in " heathen darkness " and that those places where now stands the altar of Christ but for this might now be the places of sacrifice to idols. He aroused the feelings of many a pious mother by recounting the number of infants sacrificed in India and the manner

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in which it was done ; and he finally concluded with the observation "that if religion did not command their aid, the common principles of humanity required it." At night I went to the Foundling Hospital but was not so much gratified with the preacher as on the last Sabbath. The subject was the example of the apostles ; he said that their perseverance in establishing the gospel should be a guide to us in the practice of its precepts. The music was fine, being anthems and hymns set to music by the first masters.

16th. I left London for the country. There were three passengers in the coach, a gentleman and his lady and a young lady, all of whom I found quite agreeable persons. The country was beautiful, as the trees were in bloom, and the pure air was grateful to me who had breathed nothing but coal smoke for so long a time. We passed many residences of the nobility. Near Stamford is Burleigh House, the seat of the marquis of Exeter. At the entrance of the park is a most noble gateway in the Gothic order. At Stamford are many

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churches, one of them apparently very antique. The steeple to it is of immense height. While we were here changing horses we were almost stunned with the music of a peal of bells which some amateur in that science was playing upon. At Newark we saw the ruins of the castle of that name, which was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell in the civil war. The battlements were many of them entire, and the moon shining upon them added very much to their romantic appearance. At Ferrybridge we crossed the river Aire over a remarkably handsome stone bridge. During the journey I was frequently regaled with refreshments which the gentleman had brought and which he was so polite as to offer me. We travelled all night. At dusk I was not a little surprised at beholding my fair fellow traveller, who was quite a pretty girl, take off her bonnet, tie on her night cap, and leisurely compose herself to sleep in one corner of the coach, where she made quite an interesting appearance. After going with almost incredible swiftness, we arrived at Leeds, at 6 o'clock in the morning, being at the rate of eight miles and one-third

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each hour (including stoppages for refreshments, changing horses, etc.) — a velocity with which I desire never to travel again.

At Leeds in the evening I saw the Indian Jugglers, three natives of India. Their performances were wonderful. They were so out of the common sphere of exhibitions of this kind that I was perfectly astonished. The last feat was the swallowing of a sword, the blade of it twenty inches in length. This was not sleight-of-hand, but the practice of doing it from a child had rendered it familiar. The amazing power of mechanism compared to manual labor is demonstrated at Leeds in a variety of ways. At a warehouse I saw a packing press having thirty-two tons power, arising from the pressure of a pail of water pumped up to the ceiling through a small pipe, and which in returning forces the press down with this amazing weight. It is so easy in its operation that a lad of eight years has sufficient strength for the purpose. There are also in Leeds eighteen wagons for carrying coal, the weight of which when loaded cannot be estimated at less than one hundred tons. These are propelled alto-

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gether by steam. They run upon a perfect plane with irons which fit into grooves on the wheels. These wagons deliver an immense quantity of coal at Leeds. The price of them is about seven shillings a chaldron [32 bushel]. At a manufactory I saw the different operations from the beginning to the finishing of a piece of cloth. The whole machinery was put in force by a steam engine which cost the proprietor one thousand guineas. Here also were imprisoned about fifty wretched boys and girls, the eldest not over ten years of age. They were all besmeared with dirt and grease arising from the wool. The proprietor observed in reply to my asking him if they never went to play, that they were there at six in the morning and never left off work, except for dinner, until seven at night. Thus these poor little wretches are confined in these hells — for I cannot find a more appropriate name — deprived of education and buried in these dark, noisy and unwholesome dens. They either pass a quick but miserable existence or furnish turbulent, ignorant and vicious members of society.

19th. I dined this day at the seat of a gen-

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tleman a few miles out of town. The situation, surrounded with pleasure grounds and gardens, was pleasant. Among the shrubs in the garden was a barberry bush, which is here esteemed as a great curiosity. At dinner there was a number of handsome and agreeable ladies present. This meal was served up in a most splendid style. The excessive attention of the servants was to me quite disagreeable. Lady F., one of those present, was very sociable and asked me many questions respecting America. Speaking of our navy she remarked that all our ships were manned by Englishmen, and proved the remark by saying "Otherwise, how could they fight so?" I was not astonished at the manner of her reasoning as I have often heard the same opinion expressed by many persons when speaking of our navy. After dinner the whole party took a walk through many fine gardens and fields until we came to the brow of a hill when all at once a most beautiful landscape presented itself. At a short distance was a wood near the banks of the river Aire, over which was thrown a pretty stone bridge. On the left were the ruins of Kirks-

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hall Abbey, once a most magnificent building. The grandeur of the turret is still visible on a nearer approach. I was highly gratified. We entered the cemetery under the abbey. Here were several stone coffins which once contained the ashes of some nun or monk. The roof of the dining hall is quite entire, the gothic arches which support it being very beautiful. The southern window is very fine, and quite perfect.

Beyond the grand gateway is the hall or chapel. The galleries to it are supported by immense stone pillars, all in high perfection. Some of the towers are whole ; one of them had a circular flight of stone steps which led to the top. From vestiges of the walls around the ruins which still remain, it is presumed the lands belonging to this institution were of large extent. In one part of this land is a large cistern hewn out of solid stone. The venerable walls and towers overgrown with ivy and tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, together with the delightful landscape around, rendered the scene truly charming ; so much was I gratified that I determined to pay this

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place another visit before my departure. During conversation in the evening a lady observed, after one of the young ladies had been singing and playing, that it was quite shocking now to behold every vulgar, ill-born wretch attain an accomplished education, and that she understood that every tradesman's daughter was taught music, etc. Most unfortunately she directed her remarks to me, and by the manner in which they were delivered she seemed to require my assent to her observations. This she did not have, and I, I suppose, for my republican notions, forfeited the lady's good opinion of my politeness.

20th. This being market day here, I went at nine o'clock into the Cloth Hall. This is quite large, being four halls of three hundred and fifty feet in length. Each person has an allotted space, marked with his name and town, whereon he exhibits his cloths for sale. At the ringing of a bell the sales begin and continue one hour. Except at that time no one is allowed to buy or sell in the building. There were on this day exposed for sale above one thousand pieces of cloth. The owners of them spoke such

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a curious dialect that I could not understand one word in ten they uttered.

Part of the Prince Regent's own regiment is stationed at Leeds. They are the finest looking men I ever beheld. There are also other soldiers here, whose recruiting parties parade the street, with a noble band of music. They have just passed, having two or three country lumpkins in company, to whom the soldiers have given their swords and exchanged their caps for their hats, with which the great boobies seemed as much pleased as a child with a rattle.

Sunday, 21st. Attended divine service at the old church. This is a venerable building. It has a painted window; over the altar is a fine picture of our Saviour taking the cup at the Last Supper. The ceiling is also painted but the dampness arising from the floor (which is used as a burial place and covered with stone) has considerably injured it. Here are also several handsome monuments; one a beautiful piece of workmanship in marble representing an angelic figure weeping over the flag of England. This was erected to the memory of two

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gallant officers, natives of Leeds, who fell at the battle of Talavera in Spain. In one part of the church are hung the banner and armorial bearings of several knights. The preacher was tolerable; his subject was the piety of Cornelius the centurion. There were fifty one banns of marriage published this morning; in addition to this several couples were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony previous to the beginning of the church service. The organ of this church is justly celebrated as being one of the finest toned ones in England. I dined at Mr. O's in company with the Mess^{rs} Hoffman of Baltimore. The dinner was quite in the family style. Mr. O. remarked that his aunt was married by the celebrated Sterne,¹ and that a few days ago he had in his possession a whip which formerly belonged to that eccentric character. After we had dined the company walked out of town upon a visit to Kirkstall Abbey. I was no less delighted now than on my former visit. There were a number of common people rambling through the ruins of whom I asked a variety of questions respecting the antiquity of the place,

¹ This probably was the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

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and I received some very curious answers. We passed through the chapel at the end of which is a noble large window with some of its ornaments still remaining. In a small recess the font for holy water is still perfect, and the same is seen in a number of private chapels adjoining the great one. Ascending a flight of stone steps we came into a gallery from whence a circular staircase leads into one of the towers, but owing to the ruinous state of the steps we did not ascend. Several boys had however mounted to the top in quest of rooks' nests, those birds being the only inhabitants of this once splendid structure. Beneath the abbey is a dungeon, appropriated formerly as a place of punishment for refractory nuns and friars. The garden which is enclosed by the walls of the abbey is still kept in perfect order. The abbey, with the surrounding lands, belongs to the Earl of Cardigan, who endeavors to prevent the further decay of the edifice by employing a person to take care of it.*

In the evening I attended St. James' church, a modern building, entirely destitute of orna-

* Some lines which I have seen which were written on

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ment. This being Trinity Sunday, the sermon was appropriate to the occasion, and was delivered by the preacher without notes. The Psalms were read by a clerk with a broad Yorkshire dialect, and sung in a most discordant manner. At Mr. O.'s I was introduced to the Rev. Doctor Kewley of New York, whose church in Beekman Street having recently been burned he was enabled while it was rebuilding to leave upon a visit to his friends in England. He politely gave me his address with an invitation to call upon him should I visit New York.

22nd. Departed this morning in the coach for Manchester. The passengers were three agreeable ladies and a clever loquacious Scotsman. The last person was a great admirer of Doctor Franklin, whose works he had by heart

Tintern Abbey are appropriate to this building. They are as follows :

“ How many hearts have here grown cold ;
That sleep the mould'ring stones among.
How many beads have here been told !
How many matins have been sung !
On this rude stone by time long broke
I think I see some pilgrim kneel,
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.
But here no more soft music floats,
No holy anthems chaunted now ;
All hushed except the ring dove's notes
Low murmur'ing from yon beechen bough.”

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and most liberally quoted from. The route was through Bradford and Halifax, large manufacturing places. The country was very hilly and afforded many fine views. The road in one part of our journey ran alongside a steep and dangerous precipice, where the least deviation of the horses would have hurled us to destruction. At such an immense height were we that the inhabitants of a village below in the valley looked not larger than crows. We dined at Halifax. Upon our entrance the landlord's ruby-colored nose was brightened up with renewed lustre and while rubbing his hands he congratulated us upon our arrival at his house "at (to use his own language) so fortunate a period; as he had a fine fresh turbot for dinner; an article that I do not have more than twice a year." But alas! this "fine, fresh turbot" when it came upon the table, carried conviction to every nose that the landlord had been very much deceived with regard to its freshness, or had been like Roque in the Mountaineers at "wonderful pains for a fortnight to keep it sweet."

At a small village before we entered Roch-

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dale it was their market day. The streets were crowded with women, men and children, the ugliest, dirtiest wretches I ever beheld! The women in particular were the most shocking. Old and young had on large caps with two flaps at each side which hung down to their shoulders. On our appearance in the coach a mob of children were immediately let loose to chase after us to beg a penny. When we entered the suburbs of Manchester the atmosphere underwent a total change; from its being very clear weather it became dull and foggy. The smoke which perpetually overhangs this city is the cause of it. The next day it rained incessantly. It seems as if this were forever the case. An anecdote is related of a foreigner asking a person from Manchester whether or not it had done raining yet! This city like almost all the large towns in Great Britain has an infirmary for the reception of the indigent sick. The building is placed in a fine situation and is a handsome structure. The people of this country are renowned for their charities. There is scarcely a place where there is not some institution supported by private munificence for the

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relief of the poor. They first are compelled to give largely by the "poor laws"; to this are added immense voluntary contributions. Were it not for these donations the streets would swarm with beggars; as it is, there are in the large towns a great many. I remarked an advertisement stuck upon the walls by the civil authority offering two guineas reward each for the apprehension of thirty-seven men who had absconded and left their families upon the parish! This is one of the blessings of manufactories!

24th Left Manchester for Liverpool. The country looked very fine. The fields of wheat in particular gave fair promise of a fine crop. When I passed through the country upon my first arrival there was written upon every fence "no corn bill" — Government having passed a bill for the encouragement of the farmers, prohibiting the introduction of flour or corn into the kingdom for sale, excepting the price was above 80 shillings per quartern. The manufacturing interest was violently opposed to the bill, upon the ground that if this restriction was off, foreign grain would be afforded much

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cheaper than the home-raised. The ministers replied that if corn could be imported, there would not be any inducement for the farmers to raise any, and that consequently they must be dependent upon foreign nations for their supply. In London the populace were so much exasperated at this bill that they attempted to tear down a member of Parliament's house for voting for it, and the government had to employ a military force to suppress the mob.

Just at the entrance of Liverpool stands the mansion of Doctor Solomon, of Balm of Gilead memory. He has gulled the world to some purpose, if one were to judge from the splendor of his establishment. The stage fare from Manchester to Liverpool, distance forty miles, is only six shillings. This is caused by the strong opposition, as there are eight or ten coaches continually running between those places. Besides the fare in the coach you have to pay the coachman one shilling per stage of about thirty miles, and the same to the guard whose business it is to take care of the luggage, &c. &c. Should the passenger refuse to pay the accustomed tribute he would inevitably be insulted.

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You must pay also, at the inns, the chambermaid sixpence a night, the "boots" (the person who cleans them) two-pence a day, and the head waiter one shilling a day. The porter who takes your portmanteau up stairs moves his hat with "pray remember the porter, Sir." In fact, it is necessary in travelling through England to have your pocket well lined with pounds, shillings and sixpences, otherwise you never can satisfy the innumerable demands made upon a traveller by landlord, waiters, chambermaids, and coachmen, &c. &c. My bill at Manchester for one supper, a dinner, a breakfast, and two nights lodging was five dollars. The beds at the inns are surprisingly neat and clean. In many of the inns in a large town, the chambermaids furnish the chambers and depend upon their fees for remuneration. The stagecoaches are very convenient and easy. No baggage is permitted to be taken inside, it being stowed away in the boot places before and behind the carriage for that purpose. Here it rides perfectly safe, not being liable to be rubbed, as they ride upon the same springs that the passengers do. A person can always

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calculate upon being at the place he takes the coach for (barring accidents) at a certain time, as the coachman is allowed a given time to go his stage. The guard always has a chronometer with him (locked up so that he cannot move the hands) as a guide with regard to time.

In company with Mr. M. I went to the Liverpool Theatre. It is a neat building but the performers were miserable. Many of the streets and squares in Liverpool are spacious and handsome. St. James' Walk is a fine promenade. At the back of it is a public garden laid out in a tasteful manner. From the terrace is a commanding view of the town and Cheshire shore, with the shipping lying in the river. The stone quarry is very near here. The entrance is through a subterraneous passage 60 yards in length, hewn through solid stone. All the stones necessary for the formation of the docks are taken from this place. The stone resembles the Connecticut red stone: it is quite liable to crumble into sand, but I am informed that the water hardens it. The trade to Liverpool is immense. A multitude of ships are now in the river waiting for a berth in the dock, which

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they can only gain by some other vessel's going to sea. The large warehouses near the docks, rising thirteen stories in height, and the bustle and noise in the streets show to the stranger that here "commerce is busy with her ten thousand wheels."

25th. Dined this day with Mr. B., a large company of ladies and gentlemen present. Among them was a venerable clergyman of the dissenting persuasion. He spoke in the highest terms of the American clergy, with many of whom he had been personally acquainted, but one lately had offended him by a breach of politeness; of him he observed to me that he was more conversant with religion than with good manners. Here again I was astonished at the amazing ignorance of a gentleman respecting the United States. He possessed such a knowledge of his own country that he led me to suppose that he was joking when speaking of ours. He first remarked that we could not live as cheaply in America as in England. I pointed out the mistake to him, when he again observed "True, you may live as cheaply but you are obliged to eat salted meat in winter!" He

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was very much astonished when I informed him that even in that frozen and inclement season we had as good fresh provisions as were to be had in England. These errors respecting the United States have arisen from the misrepresentations of the English tourists and from its being the interest of the Government to keep up these impressions to prevent emigration. I was asked the other day in the stage-coach if the Americans all spoke English, and a genteel young lady at London was quite shocked to think I should prefer the "almost impenetrable woods of America" to England!

Mr. B. accompanied me to the Botanic Garden which is at the extremity of the town. It is supported by private subscription and contains four thousand different trees, plants and shrubs. The garden is kept in perfect order. Each subscriber has the liberty of introducing strangers. The walks of it are much resorted to as a fashionable promenade, thus combining pleasure with instruction!

27th This morning went to the Herculeum Pottery, a short distance from town. Here both common and fine wares are manufactured.

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These works employ about two hundred persons, men, women and children. Having an introduction from a gentleman at Liverpool to the intendant of the place, I received every possible attention in viewing the processes of the work. Some of the china was quite elegant. There were a great many very genteel looking men and women at work drawing the landscapes upon the china; many women were also engaged in laborious work, much more suitable for men, such as beating heavy lumps of clay, &c. &c. It is however quite the custom in Great Britain to make the fair sex bear at least one-half the burden of life, but I have frequently thought, when I have seen them ploughing, digging and reaping, that they have had the greatest part. On your entrance to the works you are presented with a card whereon is a request that you will not give the workmen any money, but if you are disposed, that you may contribute an offering to a fund appropriated to the instruction of the children of the workmen and to the relief of the sick. This is a praiseworthy regulation and should be adopted by every factory to which curiosity leads visit-

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ants, as the workmen always expect some little present which is almost invariably applied to furnish drinks.

In the afternoon went to Warrington. In the coach was a cotton dealer of Manchester with whom I had a spirited conversation respecting American affairs. The information he had concerning them he had obtained from British tourists and from letters of the officers of the army who had served in the United States. He was quite prejudiced ; " the affair at New Orleans was a mere brush ; Sir Geo. Prevost was never beaten at Plattsburgh ; and with a force of fifty thousand men they (the English) could conquer the Northern States." This last information he had received from a publication entitled *The Military Chronicle*, wherein was a letter written by an officer who was at the capture of Castine and expressed the above opinion and also stated his opinion of America generally, taking Castine as the place to govern his ideas of it. My travelling friend I could discover had taken pains to inform himself respecting America, but the sources from whence he had drawn his knowledge were mis-

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erably corrupt, and consequently had misled him. He had a general idea of the geographical situation of our country, but when he particularized he made me smile at the errors he committed. Speaking of Boston he observed that he thought that with ten thousand men they could take it with ease. I pointed out the impossibility of getting into our harbor; he replied that he knew the difficulty of passing by the Fort of Castle William, and Noddles Island, but that they could land at the back side of Bunker Hill (an odd place for an Englishman to land at), as their ships in 1775 had laid there with ease. He supposed from this that there was another passage to the sea. After we had conversed a long time together, he observed that he had just such another tête-à-tête with an American before and that his name was Silliman. Mr. S. mentions this gentleman in his work, but I cannot agree with him with regard to the gentleman's correct information. — My companion and I parted at Warrington where I for the first time heard ballad singers. They carry ballads for sale, at the same time singing them to allure purchasers.

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One of the women bore the appearance of having seen better days. She possessed a fine voice and sang but little inferior to many who sing at the London theatres.

28th Went this morning to church. The place was neat. There were on the walls tablets with appropriate texts of Scripture inscribed on them. Part of the service was chanted in a very fine manner by a choir of women. The sermon, which was delivered in an oratorical manner, was upon the necessity of a renewal of the spirit to make us Christians. The congregation was extremely small, caused by the numbers which have seceded from the Church and joined the Dissenters. After dinner my friend and myself set out for a farm house of his in a neighboring village, but being overtaken by a shower of rain we were compelled to seek shelter in a miserable hovel, which was occupied by a man who said he had been in the service of the Duke of Bedford for fourteen years. He was mixing some oatmeal cakes for his supper, the materials for which were on his bed as he had neither stool nor table in the apart-

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ment, it being so small as to forbid the introduction of either. His fuel he kept under his bed, which of course was extremely dirty. On our jocosely asking him for his tap he told us that he had not tasted a drop of ale for six weeks. Amidst all this misery and wretchedness the poor fellow seemed to be cheerful and happy! The rain ceasing we were enabled to reach our destination. Here was a contrast to the last scene. Each apartment of the house was in the most perfect and neat order. Attached to it was a charming garden, filled with a variety of flowers in full bloom. Some strawberry vines were planted in a different manner from any I ever before noticed. Bricks were placed in the manner of steps upon the side of a terrace, between the interstices of which the roots were placed, and the tops lay upon the bricks. The reflection of the sun upon them serves to ripen the fruit, while they serve to prevent the berries from hanging into the dirt. I question however whether this manner of planting them would answer in America, as the bricks heated by our powerful sun would burn and destroy the vines. This way of culti-

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vating them adds very much to the beauty of a garden.

30th Being a fine day we went to Northwick to view the salt mines. The road lay through a charming country. We passed Belmont, an elegant mansion surrounded by an extensive park from which is an extensive view: the inhabitants upon this route are mostly employed in husbandry which may be plainly perceived by the neatness of their cottages and their comfortable appearance, contrasted with those in the manufacturing towns.

Budworth is a pretty little village with an ancient stone church. A little beyond here we called in at a farmhouse, the occupier of which told me he gave six hundred and fifty pounds rent and taxes, for his farm of two hundred acres: he shewed me fifty fine cows valued at 25 Guineas each. They were fine looking animals and appeared to be much superior to any I ever saw in America. He makes 7 tons of cheese Pr. Year. While he was here a wagon load of 3 tons weight was sent off to market to be sold. The dairy room was quite large, having vats of pewter to contain the milk which

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keeps better in this manner than in any other. The farmers do not put their hay into barns as our farmers do, but stack it out in the fields, first pressing it very hard. When they use it they are obliged to slice it off with a sharp instrument. A hay-mow half used looks similar to a loaf with slices cut from it. Here also was a garden laid out in the neatest manner imaginable. The gooseberry bushes hung down with the weight of their fruit, but the currants did not seem to flourish, nor did I ever see any bushes of that kind which seemed to bear well anywhere in England. After partaking of a glass of home-brewed ale, we proceeded to the salt pit, where four persons, including myself, were lowered in a tub down a shaft of three hundred and fifty-five feet in depth. I must confess that before I got one half of the way down I heartily repented of my journey, but upon my arrival at the bottom I was amply repaid for all my fears. The first thing that saluted my sight was a stable of five horses employed in removing the salt to the mouth of the shaft. The mine is excavated in length three-quarters of a mile, and width one-half. It is

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about fifteen feet in height. The sides and top are regularly and squarely hewn. There are regular streets cut at right angles. The roof is supported by pillars twelve yards square. One of the workmen blasted the rock which is so hard as to resist everything but gunpowder. The noise of the explosion reverberating through the chasms was awfully loud and rolled along the mine like thunder. The whole place made a most brilliant appearance when illuminated by our candles! About a year since, Mr. Caning visited this mine when it was lighted up with 1600 candles. I was not less alarmed in going up than in descending. The amazing depth of the shaft rendered apparently the light at the top like to a small star, but we arrived safely in the upper world after an absence of two hours. Here we saw the different processes of refining the rock. It is first soaked in a pit, the water of which becoming brine it is conveyed into a pan under which is a slow fire, where it remains until the water evaporates and the salt remains at the bottom. Then it is taken and put into baskets in the shape of a sugar loaf and carried into the drying room, when it

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soon becomes perfect and is fit for sale. The price of it for exportation is 4^d a bushel, but the people of England pay for home consumption (such is the enormous duty) 16 shillings for the same quantity. Excise men are always upon duty at the works to prevent any persons taking even the smallest quantity without the duty having been paid. So vigilant are they, and so heavy is the penalty for transgressing the law that should a piece of the rock be dropped by chance on the highway no one dares pick it up with an intent of using it!

I returned the same night to Warrington and the next day went to the city of Chester. At a short distance from the city we observed a gibbet whereon hung the bodies of two men who were long ago executed for the robbery and murder of the post-boy. The appearance of the city as you enter it is very pretty, the trees among the houses giving it a lively effect. The place is very ancient. That part of it designated "the old part" is surrounded by walls. The width of the walk on top of these is sufficient for three persons to go abreast. At small distances apart are remains of towers formerly

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used as watch-towers, and at a short distance from the wall on one of the corners (the West) of the city is a large tower in a state of dilapidation which was connected to the great wall by a smaller one. The entrance to the town is through four spacious gates, situated north, south, east and west, the names they bear. The modern part of the city is extended considerably beyond the wall. Directly under one part of the wall lies the race ground which is the most complete of any in England, with regard to its natural situation. The ground on which the horses run is a perfect plane, while the hills and wall which surround it form it into a circus. There are several ancient churches here, and in some of them time has made sad havoc, as they are rapidly falling into decay. The foot passengers are in this city sheltered from the weather by the shops and houses projecting over in the form of a piazza having a walk under it. Chester Castle is a most noble building which stands upon an eminence and overlooks the city. The entrance to the yard is through a noble gateway. On the right stands the Armory and on the left the barracks for

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the soldiers stationed here. The principal building is appropriated as a house for the governor of the castle and as a court house and prison. The prison is conducted something similar to the State prison at Charlestown. The prisoners are confined in such a manner that the keeper can overlook them (while at work) from his apartment. The appearance of the governor's house with several young ladies dressed in high fashion was but illy calculated to inspire one with the gloomy thought of its being a place of pain and imprisonment. The whole edifice is formed of a light-colored stone and planned in such a manner as to conceal the purpose for which it was erected. The place where the courts are held is a pretty room, the ceiling being pannelled. In the bar is a trap door, beneath which is a sub-terranean communication with the cells of the prisoners, who are through it brought into court. In the bar is also an iron affixed for the purpose of confining the hands of those who are sentenced to be burnt in the hand, which punishment is put into execution in presence of the court. A short time ago a fellow thus sentenced bore the iron without flinching

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and then tore out with his teeth the disgraceful mark and spit it on the floor.

Returned in the evening to Warrington and the next day set out for Manchester. On June 2nd in company with Mr. Bangs walked thirty-two miles to view the peak of Derbyshire. Our road was through Stockport, a large manufacturing town, with nothing worthy of notice excepting the narrowness of the street, and the steepness and length of its hills. The country generally was well cultivated. At a neat inn at Hazel Grove or Bullock Smithy, we dined with an excellent appetite and afterwards continued on through the village of Dishley until we arrived at Whally-Bride,—a most romantic situation. Directly under the window of the inn ran a small river over which was a bridge. Beyond this, upon the side of an eminence, stood a cluster of cottages whose white walls formed a charming contrast with the green vines which overspread them. At 5. in the evening we reached Chapel in the Forth, a tolerably neat village, and afterward ascended a very high mountain, from the top of which was a very extensive view. We took the wrong road

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and were progressing toward Chesterfield when we stopped at an alehouse, the master of which informed us of our mistake and directed us into a foot path whereby we might regain the right road ; but we soon again missed the path and we were induced to think, as it grew dusky that we must be upon the "barren mountain starved," as there was no probability of our meeting any person to direct us. We continued on for some time in this uncertainty, until at last we espied at some distance a cottage, and after making up to it were directed on our way ; following our directions we came to the ruins of an old castle, which we found situated upon an eminence directly over the village of Castleton. The immense height of the precipice made us shrink back with terror when we approached the brink and looked over it. After supper we retired to bed much fatigued from our long walk, and in the morning after having engaged a guide, we visited the Cavern, or Peak's Hole. There is a small rivulet which takes its rise in or beyond the Cavern, over which we crossed by a little stone bridge to gain the entrance of the cave. This entrance is in the side of the mountain

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over whose brink we had looked the night before. In the mouth of the cavern are two small cottages inhabited by persons whose occupation is spinning of twine. One of them, an old woman, told us that she was born in this place and had always lived here. At a door beyond, candles are given you to light you into the interior, into which we proceeded until the roof became so very low that it almost seemed to touch a piece of water which reached athwart the cavern. We then entered a little boat and lay upon our backs while our guide waded into the water and shoved us along until we arrived at a cavern of great dimensions. Following our conductor we soon came to another cavern called Roger Rain's house, from its continual dropping water from the roof. Here we were surprised at the beautiful appearance of candles which some boys held in a gallery at a vast height above us. They appeared at an immense distance and resembled brilliant stars. We next descended into the Devil's Cellar the walls of which are inscribed with the initials of the visitors' names. The guide invited us to follow this example, but having no disposition to be in the

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Devil's books we did not accept the proposition. We proceeded until we came to the extremity of this wonderful cavern, which is 2250 feet from the entrance. The guide waded through the water under a low arch twenty five feet farther than the visitors generally go. We were here saluted with a blast of gunpowder, the noise of which was tremendously loud and gave us a shock which electrified us. The water flows through a part of these caves in a beautiful streamlet, the bottom of it composed of white pebbles. It loses itself under ground, in one of them, and makes its appearance again at the mouth of the cavern. When we returned the daylight at the entrance of the cave was indescribably beautiful. After we had partaken of some refreshments we went to view the Speedwell mine. This mine was worked for lead, but after the proprietors had expended fourteen thousand pounds sterling it was found not to answer the purpose. The guide to it lives in a little cot at its entrance. Here we descended one hundred and six steps: at the bottom of them was a boat, into which we entered and were ferried through a passage cut

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out of solid rock just large enough to permit a person to sit upright in the vessel. This passage is 2300 feet in length, and terminates in a cavern called the Devil's Hall. Here we were 700 feet from the surface of the earth. The roof of the cavern has never been seen. Rockets have been sent up for that purpose, but without effect. Here is a grate which divides the cavern from the abyss down which the water tumbles, making a tremendous noise. Our guide assured us that he had been lowered into this gulf for the distance of three hundred feet, until he arrived at the surface of the water which he tried with a line of one hundred and seventy feet in length, but could not find bottom. When the mine was worked, the rubbish that came out was for the period of five years thrown into this chasm, but to all appearance this has not in the least diminished its depth.

Castleton is romantically situated in a fertile valley, well watered by the stream proceeding out of the cavern. The inhabitants are remarkably healthy. Their occupation consists of mining and husbandry. The church is a neat

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building and contains the following remarkable epitaph which is inscribed in Latin to conceal as much as possible the scepticism of the person who ordered it to be put upon his tombstone. The man's name was Micah Hall, who lived 79 years. It is as follows :

“ What I was you know not !
What I am you know not ;
Whither I am gone you know not ;
Go about your business ! ”

We were not a little surprised at our landlord's informing us that the way we came into Castleton was extremely dangerous, abounding in pits and precipices, where one false footstep would have hurled us to destruction !

Having seen all the curiosities at Castleton, at five in the evening we took a post chaise for Buxton. The road is through a valley which divides the mountains surrounding the village. We passed the ebbing and flowing well. This is at the bottom of a steep hill. The water at irregular periods, according to the wetness, or dryness of the season, rises and falls in the manner of the tide. It was bubbling and discharging its waters when we passed it. Buxton

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is very charmingly situated, entirely surrounded with hills. The Crescent is a fine row of buildings built by the Duke of Devonshire for the accommodation of those persons who resort hither for the benefit of the waters. These waters are of great benefit in gouty and rheumatic complaints. There was a great deal of genteel company here. At a short distance from the Crescent is a fine walk through which flows a streamlet of water forming several cascades as it runs. The walks are planted with trees and at certain distances are seats for the promenaders. I think Buxton superior in beauty to any place I have seen in England, yet Bath is said to be much superior. In the afternoon of the next day, left in the coach for Manchester, where I arrived the same evening and found it the same dull, smoky, rainy hole as ever! I left Manchester without any regret at the possibility of my never seeing it again, and arrived at Liverpool. In the coffee-room of the Inn a traveller was giving a lively description of a pugilist's battle between two scientific fighters. The bare recital of it I should suppose would make a person of humanity shudder. One of

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the combatants was carried off the field with his jaws broken, vomiting blood. This is called amusement for a refined people! An Englishman will say it serves to stimulate the courage of the common people! I am sure it brutalizes them and augments their ferocity, for no sooner does a little dispute chance to arise than an appeal to blows is resorted to, to settle it. So much are they in love with boxing that if two boys get to quarrelling, men, women and children will endeavour to add fuel to their resentment, just for the pleasure of seeing a little fun!

Being detained at Liverpool a few days by business, I passed my leisure hours in the Athenæum; this afforded much amusement and dissipated that time which otherwise would have hung heavy on my hands.

Sunday, 11th June. Attended this day (for the first time in England) a dissenting or Presbyterian church. Doctor Lewin, the gentleman with whom I dined a short time since, was the preacher. He is 78 years of age, and was quite animated in his delivery. Generally speaking

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there is not that ignorance of the American nation among the people of Liverpool that there is in other places in England. It obviously arises from the great intercourse that is carried on between this port and the United States. I have scarcely passed a day without meeting some one whom I have seen in America. There is a degree of liberality shown here to our countrymen which is not shown in other places. This evening "God save the King" was called for at the theatre, when an American sailor loudly exclaimed from the gallery "God d—n the king and all the rest of 'em!" Yet the only notice taken of this was by a general laugh at Jack's republicanism. Had he been in London the mob would have torn him to atoms.

June 15th. In company with three of my fellow-countrymen, Thomas Dennie, Isaac Barnes and Abbot Lawrence, I departed for London. There is something inexpressibly pleasant in meeting and associating in a foreign country with those with whom you have been acquainted at home. Our journey was very pleasant. On our road through Staffordshire we passed the potteries of Burslem and Hanley,

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as also several collieries where at the mouth of the pits steam engines were erected to draw up the coals. Near Burslem, from the top of a very high hill, there is a commanding view of the country. Hanley is quite a pretty place and contains some fine houses. At Tutbury passed near the ruins of the castle of that name. It stands upon an eminence and entirely commands the town, which lies directly under its walls. This castle was once the prison of Mary, Queen of Scots. The walls are now almost entirely demolished. At Uttoxeter we changed horses. The Inn was directly opposite an ancient church whose graveyard was filled by a rabble of boys, pedlars' stalls, etc. and seemed to be a common thoroughfare. It is shocking to behold the ashes of the dead outraged in this manner, but in this country I have remarked too often that the dead are trodden upon whenever it suits the convenience of the living. We dined at Burton, a charmingly neat and clean town particularly famed for its good ale. Crossing the river, over which is a stone bridge, the next place we stopped at was Leicester, a place noted for its manufactory of stockings. This is also a very

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neat town. We passed a great many country seats, and at Northampton changed horses. The inn where we stopped was in a large square which adds much beauty to the place. At a short distance from the town stands a stone cross, erected by Edward the First in memory of his beloved wife Eleanor, whose body rested here on its way to London. Lace-making seems to be the principal employment of the people hereabout. "Pillow and bobbin appears to be all their little store" in most of the cottages we saw. The day being fine enabled us to have a good view of London as we entered it. We arrived at five in the afternoon, being just thirty-six hours in travelling two hundred and ten miles. I found on my arrival a notice that all aliens should report themselves to the Mansion House. Accordingly the next day I went thither and found the Lord Mayor examining a wretched looking woman with a child in her arms upon a charge of theft. The examination was conducted with much mildness on the part of the Mayor. He is a pastry cook by profession, and is still concerned with his nephew, who carries on the business not far from the

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Mansion House. I received (after I had registered my name) directions to call in six days for a license to reside here.

On going through the Royal Exchange I was peculiarly struck with the variety of dress in the crowd of merchants assembled there. Here were Christian, Turk and Jew. In walking the city a person meets such a variety of fashion in dress that it is impossible to tell the prevailing one. A man must possess considerable talent to make himself notorious for dress or equipage in this great city. Even Romeo Coates, the amateur actor, when he first made his appearance in a dashing curricule ornamented with a cock as his crest, had to employ some boys to cry "Cock-a-doodle-doo" to bring it into notice.

Being near Eastcheap today I tried to discover the Boar's Head, but was unsuccessful. This is where Sir John Falstaff and Prince Henry had their "cup of sack."

At a window in a print shop my eye was attracted by a print in glaring colors purporting to be the Capture of Washington. It represented a strongly fortified place, compared to

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which Quebec and Gibraltar were nothing. The British troops were marching over a breastwork of dead Americans in the face of a battery of cannon blazing at them. In the background was the "President's Palace" (as the explanation informed me) and eight or ten seventy-fours in flames. This is the mere idea of the print seller, but the British Government tried all in their power to make this circumstance popular. They were unsuccessful. Many Englishmen have acknowledged to me that it was a stain on their national character which cannot be obliterated.

17th In the evening went to the Opera. This is a most splendid house, having five rows of boxes above which is a gallery to admit persons who are not in full dress, as they are excluded from all other parts of the house. The boxes are all private and are rented at from three hundred to one thousand pounds a season. This immense building crowded with company in full dress is a charming sight. The scenery is elegant, but as the performances were in Italian I could not make out what the subject was that was represented. The band is very

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large and the music excellent. There was some fine dancing, particularly Nestri's, but the manner of the female dancing was very indelicate, to my ideas! In not understanding Italian I was in the same situation as the greater part of the audience, who attend here in preference to the English Theatre merely because it is fashionable! I was quite amused with the Bond Street loungers who came into the gallery where I was, to look at the ladies. One of them, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a chapeau under his arm, took his station opposite to two pretty girls who sat upon a seat in front of me, and taking out his quizzing glass he most impudently stared them in the face as long as he could keep one eye open and the other shut. I have seen these fellows represented upon our stage and thought it a caricature, but I now think the original a great deal the worst.

Having a desire to see Royalty I attended the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, to see the Princess Charlotte,¹ probably the future

¹ Princess Charlotte was the only daughter of the Prince Regent, afterward George IV, and Queen Caroline; born 1796; died 1817.

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Queen of England. This chapel is in the courtyard of the palace. The entrance is through a small door into a dark and narrow passage which carries you into the chapel. This is quite a confined room and not at all elegant. The ceiling is panelled and ornamented with the coats of arms of the nobility. The Princess came in attended by several lords and ladies, and took her seat in the gallery opposite to where I stood. She has a pretty face and eyes, with the buxomness of a country lass. Her dress was a purple pelisse edged with white, with a French fashioned bonnet and a wreath around it. She had not the least gentility of appearance and her manners were shockingly vulgar, particularly when she stood up. She had then a kind of rolling about, and kept her arms akimbo. She took very little notice of the service and seemed, from her uneasiness, to wish that it were ended. The singing and chanting of the service was very fine, as the first performers are here engaged. The preacher was a courtly looking man, who mounted the "rostrum with a skip," preached elegantly for half an hour about — nothing at all, made his bow

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and backed down the pulpit stairs (for he was too polite to turn his back upon royalty), and made his exit. I was much better pleased in the evening at the service of the Foundling Hospital, where the same preacher officiated whom I had heard some weeks ago. The anthem was sung by Mr. Pyne of Covent Garden Theatre. The subject of the discourse was "None of us liveth to himself."

Some Bostonians of my acquaintance whom I visit, lodge in the coffee house so much frequented by Addison, Steele and Johnson, and from whence so many of their admirable essays are dated. It then went by the name of "Will's Coffee-house," but is now called "Richard's."

20th Last night went to Covent Garden Theatre to see Miss O'Neil as Euphrasia in *The Grecian Daughter*. Her representation of this character was exquisitely fine. Mr. Young personified Evander. I never saw a tragedy which took such hold on my feelings as this did. Even the inferior parts were sustained by performers whose talents were above mediocrity. The concluding scene where she stabs Dionysius drew forth repeated plaudits from a house

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filled in every corner : were it not for the attractions of the performances, the interesting sight of hundreds of well-dressed people in the pit and boxes would amply repay one for his attendance. The after piece was "The Forty Thieves," and I feel proud for the theatrical fame of America to be able to say that the representation, both as to acting and scenery, was quite inferior to that which we had on the Boston boards, when Mrs. Darley and Mr. Bernard took a part in the performance.

Near Carlton House the residence of the Prince Regent, Mr. West's two pictures of Christ Rejected and Christ healing the Sick are exhibited. The last is painted expressly for the hospital at Philadelphia, and, it is said, surpasses the original one which was painted for that institution and by the sale of which Mr. West incurred an imputation of ungenerous conduct. This he seems to be aware of, and has exerted himself to produce this masterpiece of painting, for the loan of which for two years he has refused three thousand guineas. The meek and beautiful countenance of our Saviour, and the anxiety of the friends

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of the lame, halt and blind, together with a sick man borne along by two figures, to be healed, are admirably painted. The correctness with which the effects of the different diseases upon the human frame are delineated is the admiration of medical men, and shows with what attention and care the painting of this piece has been prosecuted. The picture of "Christ Rejected" I think far preferable to the one described. The meekness of Him who was borne "like a lamb to the slaughter"; the diabolical passions expressed by his persecutors; (the High Priest in particular); the grief of Peter who is "weeping bitterly," and the agony of the pious women from Galilee at beholding Him "whom they loved" bound as a malefactor; raises doubts in the mind of the spectator whether the scene is not real; and almost carries one to the hall of condemnation.

Carlton House is a gloomy pile of buildings faced by a colonnade; but the interior, it is said, surpasses most palaces in magnificence; behind it is Warwick House, an ill-shapen building, the residence of the Princess Charlotte. All communication with her is through her father's

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palace, as all other entrances are closed up. This is caused by her running away from her keepers some time ago and jumping into a hackney coach, which carried her to her mother! Mr. Tierney made a motion in Parliament a few days ago that the amount of the Prince Regent's debts should be laid before the House. The result was that the debts amounted to six millions, five hundred and seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six dollars, and sixty-seven cents, of which one million, four hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents remained unpaid the 1st of May, 1815. Here is one of the blessings attached to a regal government.

Going into a wholesale hosier's warehouse with a friend who was making purchases, we received an invitation to look at the hosier's race-horses: in the stable behind the warehouse were two which he kept for his amusement. One of them he offered to back against any horse in England for £500. He showed us a cup which this animal had won at Newmarket races. His parlor was ornamented with the

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portraits of these favorite animals. This I thought pretty well for a hosier!

Passing through St. James' Park after dinner I overheard two fashionable young men bidding each other "good morning!" The lateness of the hour impelled me to see what time it was; I found it just eight in the evening! These are imitators of the Prince, who never dines until nine at night.

22nd. London is one continual scene of uproar and joy in consequence of the total defeat of Bonaparte at Waterloo by Lord Wellington. This is announced by the Park and Tower guns and by placards upon the gates of the Mansion House. It is also publicly declared that upon Friday and Saturday nights the public buildings are to be illuminated on the occasion.

Mr. D. of Boston having died suddenly, I was notified to attend his funeral, and accordingly went at 7 o'clock in the morning, being the time appointed. Those who were present were furnished by the undertaker with a pair of gloves, a mourning cloak and scarf. The hearse was followed by mourning coaches, preceded

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by two mutes bearing black banners. At the graveyard the corpse was met by the priest who performed the service in the episcopalian form. At the entrance of the yard on our return we were divested of our cloaks, weepers and gloves, the two latter of which we retained in remembrance of the deceased. Funerals here at this early hour are quite customary. Seldom is there any after one in the forenoon !

On Friday and Saturday night all the public buildings and many private ones were illuminated. Many fanciful and beautiful devices were exhibited. Among those which were prominently beautiful were the excise office, the Bank, Post-office, Somerset House, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Carlton House, Foreign and Home Department (here the eagles taken from the French were displayed), Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh's houses, etc. One house in St. James' was particularly fine. The whole front resembled a fortress, with cannon, flags, &c., formed by colored lamps. A publican who keeps a tavern with the sign of a cock, had a large transparency representing a game cock strutting over his fallen combatant, with the

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inscription "England the cock of the walk!" The crowd was very great, particularly in front of Somerset House. The mob would not suffer the coaches to pass excepting the coachmen and footmen took off their hats as an acknowledgment of the favor. Squibs and crackers were plentifully distributed into the carriages, and the alarm which the ladies were consequently thrown into appeared to delight John Bull exceedingly. I did not return to my lodging either night till one o'clock. This was early, as it is not customary to get to bed here until twelve upon ordinary occasions. Of course the whole morning is lost in bed. At six in the morning there are but very few persons seen in the streets. The customary breakfast hour in the house where I boarded was from nine to ten. This too was called an early one!

Finding myself a little indisposed on Sunday morning, Mr. M. and I took a ramble into the country. On our way we observed a mean-looking brick building resembling a barn, on the walls of which was inscribed in very large letters "The House of God." It belongs to the

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followers of Joanna Southcott,¹ and is appropriated as their chapel. We returned to town to dine, and in the evening attended the Magdalen, the account of which I have given elsewhere.

26th. Went to day to the British Institution for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, and Bullock's Museum. The institution contains a very large and splendid collection of paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyk and other artists of the Dutch and Flemish schools. One picture (the subject an old woman by candle-light) was finely executed. After seeing the pictures in this gallery a person can readily believe what has been related of an ancient painter, that his works were so naturally executed that birds came and pecked at a bunch of grapes which he had painted! Bullock's collection surpasses Peale's at Philadelphia in some of the departments, particularly in some of the branches of

¹ Johanna Southcott died at London, 1814. A religious fanatic, founder of a sect (still in existence in England) at one time numbering 100,000 followers. She wrote prophecies in doggerel verse, and, professing to be the inspired woman of the Apocalypse, announced in 1814 that she was about to give birth to the Shiloh. Ten days after making this announcement she died of the dropsy.

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natural history. There are several complete sets of armor used in this country in former times. The collection of fossils and minerals was respectable, but that of the birds and beasts was very fine indeed. The birds are in mahogany cases and are arranged in classes, being placed upon the boughs of trees. This gives them a very pretty effect, but the beautiful manner in which the beasts were disposed pleased me exceedingly. The spectator enters into a saloon the rustic appearance of which transports you at once into the wilderness. The thatched roof is supported by the trunks of trees, the branches from them mingling together form sashes which are glazed. Through the glass are seen the beasts, some roaming o'er the rocky cliffs, others crouching in their dens: in other parts are monkeys perched upon cocoa trees throwing the fruit to their companions. Interspersed among them were foreign trees and shrubs. Directly over the lions' den hung a large winter squash. Here it is esteemed a curiosity! In short I cannot do justice to this admirable collection. It was with pleasure I observed several mothers instructing their

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children (by the aid of books which are sold here for the purpose) in the history of these animals. Returning home I passed through Bond Street, and beheld a great display of fashionables. Some of the ladies were curiously dressed; their gowns were cut very low so as to leave their shoulders bare, while their clothes reached but very little below their knees. In the Strand are a great many jeweler's shops. At the window of one was exhibited a large assortment of snuff-boxes, the prices varied from 150 to 700 Guineas each. That he finds purchasers I have but little doubt, for the other day an advertisement appeared in the public papers announcing the sale of Sir Gregory Turner's "splendid collection of ninety-one superb snuff boxes." In the Strand is also to be seen a full grown ox with five legs; the fifth one grows out of his back and has a perfect shoulder resembling much a lobster's claw. The English are forever upon the alert to make money out of everything. No sooner was the dreadful slaughter of the battle of Waterloo known than half a dozen advertisements appeared in the newspapers offering mourning to the relatives

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of the deceased, and one person offered to contract with them to remove the dead bodies to England, he having (as he states) formed a connection in Brussels for that purpose.

27th. Went to Vauxhall Garden, which to attempt an adequate description of would be impossible! The entrance is through a gloomy passage at the end of which you pass through a small door and are immediately transported into one of the fairy scenes of the Arabian Tales, as it all appears enchantment. It is lighted up with variegated lamps, fancifully arranged so as to give a brilliant effect. The walks are very long and have at their side seats and tables set out with refreshments sufficient for accommodating several thousands. The rotunda is illuminated by a chandelier and is ornamented with paintings. Adjoining is the saloon, at the corners of which are emblems of the four quarters of the globe. Here is an orchestra, with a band habited in the Scottish costume and it plays only Scotch tunes. In the centre of the garden is the grand orchestra wherein a fine band amused the company. Mr. Bland sang one song with great

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effect. Each verse ended with these words:—
“a sweet little bird warbles No! no!” This
“no, no” was echoed by another performer
from a recess of the garden. At 10 o'clock
upon the ringing of a bell the company
scampered down a long walk where was ex-
hibited a curious piece of mechanism in a
scene where there was a bridge and miller's
house, beyond a real waterfall, the water
tumbling down the rock and running under
the bridge; a little boat is seen having in
it a sportsman who shoots and kills a little
bird flying over his head. Horses and carriages
are passing over the bridge;—that of a stage-
coach, the guard blowing his horn, was quite
natural. The scene is then changed to an en-
campment with a triumphal procession of
horse and foot-soldiers to conclude. At the ex-
tremity of another walk was the representation
of a sea-fight; to help the illusion, the noise of
real water dashing against the sides of ships
was produced. In another part of the garden
a man performed several tunes upon seven in-
struments at once. This he did by the aid of his
feet, which he seemed to have a perfect com-

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mand of. At eleven o'clock the nobility and fashionables began to enter, when there was a grand display of dress, for most all who are here appear in full dress. I should imagine there were from four to five thousand persons promenading the walks this night. At twelve the fireworks commenced. These were exhibited at the end of dark walks, They surpassed anything of the kind I ever beheld! At two o'clock the party to which I belonged left the garden, as the dances had begun, this being the signal for the departure of respectable ladies. Fifteen thousand lamps are lighted in these gardens each night they are opened.

As I was coming through Finsbury Square one evening, I saw a man with a large telescope in the street, intent upon looking at the stars, and upon my expressing my surprise at its singularity, my companion informed me that this person stood there to accommodate any one to look through the instrument, for which he charges two-pence. This is one of the wonderful variety of ways they have of making money in London!

On Saturday night attended Drury Lane

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Theatre to see the comedy of Wild Oats represented. It was excellently well performed. the parts being sustained by Elliston, Dowton, Munden and Knight. The last performer, in the character of Sim, excelled beyond everything. I went into the pit which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen so full that I was obliged to stand up for some time until a gentleman by hard squeezing contrived to let me have a part of a seat, just affording me room sufficient to half sit down. I was soon relieved from this awkward situation by a lady (who was it appears an old attender on the play-house) having brought in a small stool upon which she sat down directly behind me, and as there was not room sufficient otherwise, thrust her lap directly under me and furnished a comfortable seat during the rest of the evening.

Sunday I passed at Camberwell-grove, a sweet village about three miles from London. I think this place a delightful spot. The grove resembles the Boston Mall, and is one mile in length. On each side are genteel houses with gardens laid out in a tasteful manner; at the upper end of the grove are two pretty cot-

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tages with thatched roofs, one of them having a fountain before it, in the centre of which is a sea-god upon a throne of shells, &c. The residents of these houses are principally merchants who here retire from the bustle and noise of the city. After tea we took a ramble into an adjoining village from which is a fine view of London and Greenwich, and at night returned to the city. Lord Cochrane of whose confinement I have spoken in my visit to the King's Bench prison, yesterday revenged himself upon the ministry (whether intentionally or not I do not know) in a manner which has caused much public conversation. His term of imprisonment was ended the 18th of last June, but as he refused to pay the £1000 fine he was detained in prison. The ministry have lately brought forward a bill in Parliament granting the Duke of Cumberland £6000 per annum additional income upon his marriage with the Princess of Salm Salms. This bill not being popular, Lord Castlereagh had to drum up all the absent ministerial members to vote it through, when as they were taking the question, Lord Cochrane, having paid his fine and

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obtained his discharge, came into the House of Commons and by his single vote negatived the bill. On the back of the bank-note which he paid to government he wrote a protest, stating that he was forced to comply as the ill state of his health demanded that he should be liberated.

Fourth of July. Dined with a friend at Dolly's chop-house. This house was formerly kept by a woman whose name was Dolly, and to perpetuate her name, a female servant attends upon customers (which is not the case in other chop-houses) who, let her name be what it will, is still called Dolly. This place is much frequented by the booksellers, as it is adjoining Paternoster Row, where the principal booksellers prosecute their business. I was not a little amused at meeting near London with a party of sailors having the American flag displayed in honor of Independence Day. They were headed by a Jew playing upon a hand-organ. Each one had his girl with him, and the procession was closed by two large negroes each with a white girl under his arm.

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7th. Went to Covent Garden Theatre. The play was the Exile of Siberia, with the entertainment of the Critic, or Tragedy Rehearsed. In this piece, Matthew, in Sir Fretful Plagiast, exhibited his uncommon comic powers. During the evening a row was raised in consequence of Miss Stephens' not coming on to sing, as was announced in the bills. Babel was quiet and still in comparison with the house, nor was order restored until one person was taken by main force from the boxes.

The Fishmongers' stalls and Butcher Shops are worthy of notice for the neatness and high perfection in which the articles for sale are kept. Although the fish was brought a great distance yet they are perfectly fresh and look as bright as when first taken. Many of them have white marble benches to display them upon. The meat also in the Butcher shops is displayed in as nice a manner ; indeed the way in which everything for sale is shown in London exceeds description.

Last night during my walks I discovered a fire and after following the direction of the light for some time found that it was near the

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Tower, the turrets of which were beautifully illuminated by the flames. The crowd around the fire was immense; the bustle of the firemen and people moving their effects made the scene "confusion worse confounded." The place consumed was a gun-maker's shop, from whence some powder exploded and wounded several people.

8th. Went into a room in the Strand where a man exhibits the process of glassmaking in miniature. This he does by means of a lamp through the blaze of which a current of air passes and blows the flame upon the metal until it melts. You pay a shilling for entrance, to be returned in ware, but he takes care to sell nothing less than eighteen pence. The alternative then is, to save a shilling you have to throw away sixpence. The room was crowded with spectators, among whom were several ladies with children to whom they were explaining the process of glass-making.

It being the Jewish Sabbath I was induced to visit the Synagogue near Duke Street, the residence exclusively of these Shylocks. The church is a neat edifice. It is lighted with seven

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chandeliers, the pulpit, or desk, where the priests stand being in the centre: at the end is the altar or holy of holies, toward which they turn their faces and bow while repeating their prayers. The men sit with their hats on. The women are in a screened gallery, apart from the men! The service was chanted in Hebrew, the congregation joining in at times in "din most horrible." I came away disgusted with the little reverence they seemed to pay to that Being who pronounced them His chosen people!

I spent the Sabbath at Camberwell Grove. In the afternoon attended church and heard a good discourse from the nephew of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.¹ On Monday I chanced to pass through Smithfield Market. Being market day I had a fair view of the great mart of flesh; the quantity of sheep and cattle sold here upon these days is immense, and amounts to an incredible number in the course of a year.

Opposite Somerset House is erecting the

¹ William Dodd, 1729-1777; clergyman and author. In 1777 he forged the name of Lord Chesterfield, his former pupil, to a bond for £4200, and in spite of the efforts of Dr. Johnson and other influential people to save him, he was executed at London.

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Strand Bridge. This magnificent structure is entirely of stone, having nine arches of great width. The pillars are twelve feet in thickness, ornamented with Tuscan columns. When it is completed it will be one of the most elegant structures of the kind in the Kingdom. It was begun in 1811 and will probably be finished in another year. This is designed as a toll bridge. The other bridges are all free. To give an idea of the passing in London I will make an extract from an account of the numbers which are computed to pass over the respective bridges daily, viz.,

	Blackfriars	London
Foot passengers	61,069	89,640
Wagons	533	769
Carts & drays	1,502	2,924
Coaches	990	1,240
Gigs	500	740
Horses	822	764

London Bridge is the great thoroughfare to the Continent.

Several other bridges are projected, but none are begun excepting the Vauxhall one, which progresses but slowly.

12th Today the Prince Regent prorogued

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both Houses of Parliament. I went to see the splendid procession usual upon these occasions, and was fortunate enough to procure a situation opposite the door of the House of Lords and close by the state-coach which was in waiting for the Prince. I was enabled thereby to have a fair view of his person : his form is perfectly elegant, but his countenance exhibits the marks of intemperate habits. He was dressed in uniform. When he made his appearance there was but little acclamation among the people. "Now and then a voice cryd God save King Richard" and that was all ! The state coach is a great lumbering vehicle, carved and gilded all over. The inside was lined with crimson velvet hung around with silk damask curtains. It was drawn by six cream-colored horses, each horse led by a groom in gold and scarlet livery. Their harnesses were crimson morocco with massive gold trimmings, and their manes and tails braided with blue ribbons. There were also many noblemen's carriages in the procession, whose livery and equipages were so splendid that they appeared to try which should most outvie each other. The

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whole of the way from Carlton House to the House of Lords was lined with horse guards and the State carriage was surrounded by the Prince's own regiment.

13th. This morning went to see Barker's panoramas of the Isle of Elba and of the battle of the Heights of Montmartre before Paris in 1814. He is esteemed as the first artist in this line in the world, and after viewing his works no one, I am sure, would be disposed to dispute his claim to the title. The battle appears to be raging around you, and you are at once carried by imagination amid scenes of horror and carnage. Through the smoke of the cannon is a view of Paris and its environs. The view of Elba is, I think, superior to the battle, it being so beautifully illusive as to make one almost forget he is in London and carries one at once to the far-famed residence of Bonaparte. The whole is incomparably well done. The water in particular appears of the same hue and the same glassy surface as reality. So deceiving is it that I am informed a Newfoundland dog belonging to a gentleman jumped over the railing which divides the painting from the

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spectator and made a plunge at that part representing water, so much was he deceived by it. Crowds of spectators attend daily to repay the artist for his admirable work.

The whole town has for some time past been agitated by the suicidal death of Mr. Whitbread.¹ Many reports have, as usual upon such occasions, been circulated as to the cause, and many high eulogiums have been made upon his character even by his political opponents. The opposition party have by his death received a blow from which they will not for a long time recover.

Lackington's Bookstore, near Finsbury Square, is a capacious building, containing an immense number of volumes of books for sale. In this place they were extremely polite to strangers. I was desired to walk through the building. There were five large rooms, entirely filled with books and as many circular galleries filled likewise, — the whole lighted from the top by a skylight. This place is well worth

¹ Samuel Whitbread, born 1758; died July 5, 1815. An able advocate of parliamentary reform, religious and civil liberty, the abolition of slavery, and similar liberal causes; a strong opponent of Pitt's war policy.

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visiting. Lackington himself has retired to the country and takes no active part in the business.

Sunday there was a collection at St. Andrew's Church for the sufferers by the battle at Waterloo. A Mr. Price delivered the sermon from Zechariah 14th, 6th and 7th. The substance of the discourse was similar to that in those beautiful lines of Dr. Beattie, viz. —

One part ! one little part we scan;
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arrange the whole stupendous plan
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem:
Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.
Oh ! then renounce that impious self-esteem
Which aims to know the secrets of the skies,
For thou art but of dust, be humble and be wise.

On Monday, in company with a small party, took an excursion to Richmond. The road, lying upon the Thames bank was ornamented with many pretty houses and gardens. Kew Gardens, the favorite residence of George III, lay upon our right. The road was pretty, yet I think that many places in the United States can boast of as handsome seats, particularly around Boston,

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Hellgate near New York, and those which adorn the banks of the Delaware near Philadelphia. But when we ascended Richmond Hill!—in the language of the poet:—

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spread around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.
Enchanting vale! beyond what ere the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the Power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil.”

I was quite enchanted with the scene before me! the winding of the “silvery Thames,” the beautiful lawns gradually sloping from the houses upon its banks, and its charming walks overshadowed with trees, conspired altogether to render it a charming place. Numerous parties were enjoying themselves, either upon the grass plat or in sailing in pleasure boats on the river. One company was footing it to the music of the pipe and tabor. All appeared to be exhilarated! Here it was that Thomson¹

¹ Thomson, James, 1700–1748. A poet and writer of plays, one of which, “Sophonisba,” written in 1730, contained the famous line (which killed the piece) “O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!” parodied by every one as “O Jemmy Thomson,

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wrote his Seasons, and doubtless received inspiration from the enchanting views around him. Our time did not permit us to visit that spot which he so much loved. I much wished it but was compelled to be content with drinking a glass of wine to his memory, having in view from the windows of our apartment those scenes which his pen has immortalized. We rambled through a part of Richmond Park, from which is a fine view of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Upon the hill are many houses in the occupation of the nobility and gentry. One of them is built in imitation of a castle having its turrets fallen to decay and overgrown with ivy. The town of Richmond has nothing worthy of notice excepting the Bridge across the river. This has a very pretty effect at a small distance below it. When our carriage was ready I sincerely regretted to leave this sweet spot, and I think that one must be utterly insensible to the beauties of nature not to admire such a scene as Richmond Hill. The view from Milton Hill near Boston

Jemmy Thomson O!" Also wrote the famous song "Rule Britannia."

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bears a faint resemblance to that of Richmond, and has I think the preference in one particular, — the view of the sea! while that of Richmond is “one boundless landscape” only terminated by the horizon.

On Tuesday I received a note from Mr. C. informing me of the sudden death of his child. I immediately waited upon him and found him and Mrs. C. in the greatest affliction. Mrs. C.’s case was peculiarly distressing, sustaining the loss of an only child in a foreign land and not being acquainted with any female who could sympathize with her and offer consolation. Two English gentlemen who were entire strangers to them, having heard of their misfortune kindly offered their advice and services, and tendered the assistance of the female part of their family to Mr. C. One of them had the family grave opened to receive the body. The funeral took place upon Thursday morning. A priest of the dissenting persuasion attended on the occasion and offered prayers at the apartments of Mr. C. and also an address and prayer at the grave, which was in the same churchyard in which John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim’s*

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Progress lies buried. His tombstone was pointed out to me.

Lounging in the park today I turned into the street which leads to Westminster Abbey, and went in once more to view that venerable building. I was not less interested than on my former visit there. I could not walk through this receptacle of the ashes of kings, warriors, statesmen, poets and other great men without instructive lessons on the vanity and shortness of life. Many of the monuments are so crumbled by the hand of Time that their inscriptions are scarcely legible; many are entirely effaced! Yet with this knowledge of the folly of outstanding the lapse of ages, vanity still raises yearly new monuments, which three or four hundred years hence will puzzle the antiquarian in discovering for whom they were erected. I purchased a book here which gives a particular description of the Abbey. In it is an extract not inappropriate to be inserted here, Speaking of this building the author says "I have wandered with pleasure into the most gloomy recesses of this last resort of grandeur, to contemplate human life, and trace mankind

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through all the wilderness of their frailties and misfortunes, from their cradles to their graves. I have reflected on the shortness of our duration here, and that I was but one of the millions who had been employed in the same manner, in ruminating on the trophies of mortality before me : that this huge fabric, this sacred repository of fame and grandeur would only be the stage for the same performances : would receive new accessions of noble dust : would be adorn'd with other sepulchres of cost and magnificence, would be crowded with successive admirers : and at last by the unavoidable decay of time bury the whole collection of antiquities in general obscurity, and be the monument of its own ruin." —

Saturday evening I attended the little theatre at the Haymarket. This house is only open in the summer for the exhibition of petit comedies and farces. One of the pieces represented this evening satirized the English character for the prevalence of suicide ; the other was an admirable production from the French, called the Beehive, wherein Matthews represented an old inn-keeper (the master of the

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Beehive). His comic Powers kept the whole house in a roar. One of the dramatis personae was an officer who described everything by technical language. The one who sustained that part bore a strong resemblance to the late Col. Tuttle and often reminded me of him.

Sunday I walked to Highgate, a small village placed upon an eminence four miles from London. Thompson in his description of Richmond Hill denominates it one of the "sister hills." The prospect from this place is extensive, embracing a fine view of the city. Here is a causeway built across a valley through which one of the great roads of London runs. It is of sufficient width for carriages to pass, and is formed of stone with a composition railing. I returned to the city by another road for the purpose of varying the excursion. It is almost incredible as to the number of persons who leave town on the Sabbath here for a ramble into the country. Vehicles of every descriptions, from the elegant barouche and chariot to the humble horse-cart, are put in requisition, and thousands of pedestrians, men, women and children, crowd all the avenues of the city upon this day, being by

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their occupations so much engaged on week-days as to prevent their enjoying this comfort.

Being in want of a passport to enable me to leave the country, I was obliged to wait upon Mr. Adams, the United States Minister to the British Court, to obtain a paper to enable me to obtain one. I went accompanied by Dr. W. After walking about four miles, we found him at the west part of the town, in lodgings at a house in Harley Street. Over the front door was a signboard in large characters denoting that warm and vapor baths were to be had here. We were not at all pleased that the representative of the American nation should be so meanly lodged. This we thought was carrying his Republican simplicity a little too far! Mr. Adams treated us politely and furnished me with the necessary passport, being most particularly expressed in the following manner, viz., — "Age 26 years, Stature 5 feet, 10 inches, Forehead high, Eyes blue, Nose aquiline, Mouth common, Chin round, Hair dark brown, Complexion clear, & Face oval." After we had called upon Mr. A. we went to visit Messrs. Alston, Leslie and Morse, American painters.

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Mr. Morse was on the eve of setting out for Liverpool to embark from there to the United States. He shewed us a painting of his which he had just finished to be exhibited at the Academy, they having proposed the subject, for a prize. Mr. A., being very much engaged, was with us but a few minutes. Mr. Leslie I was extremely pleased with. He is possessed of very prepossessing manners. His celebrity and that of Mr. Alston as professional men is daily gaining ground and they bid fair to fill part of the chasm which will be formed by the death of West, who is now much advanced in life.

There is never a dearth of novelty to a stranger in the streets of London. Numerous ways are resorted to by the beggars to attract attention and gain a halfpenny. One poor fellow who had lost both his legs, has a board before him upon which he chalks in so elegant a manner that it would not disgrace a copper-plate engraver, any word that the spectator desires, beginning at the end and writing them bottom upward, thus *Λεα siqq ur*. Having often heard of "rag fair" and accidentally mention-

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ing it at dinner, one of my fellow lodgers offered to be my guide thither. We accordingly went to that celebrated mart of cast-off garments. Just before we got there we were pestered with Jews in front of their shops who gave us pressing invitations of "pleshe to valk in, Shur, and puy a shecond-hand coat shust as coot as new." When we arrived in the midst of the fair, a scene presented itself which almost baffles description. Millions of cast-off habits, of every fashion and quality, and in all stages of decay were here exhibited for sale. In one part was seen a fellow striving to thrust himself into a coat, and in another an old hag cheapening a pair of worn-out shoes. I came away highly entertained with my visit to this place.

Sunday, 30th. This day I passed at Camberwell grove and attended a church near that place. The preacher was extremely eloquent and delivered extempore a very pathetic and elegant discourse upon the necessity of our "living unto God," but most unfortunately his paying a greater attention to the displaying of a brilliant ring gave me an impression that he was one of those who "shewed us the steep and

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thorny road to heaven while he the path of dalliance kept." My serious impressions were by this deportment in the preacher dissipated.

The following day I went to the East India House for the purpose of viewing its museum of curiosities. The opulence of the company and the power they have acquired by their conquests in India have thrown into their possession the greatest and richest collection of eastern curiosities in the world. We were first conducted into the Library, containing a splendid collection of Eastern literature, among which is a book of dreams in Tippoo Sahib's own hand-writing, the Poems of Hafiz, and innumerable other Indian, Chinese and Persian manuscripts. Here is also a collection of minerals, shells, &c. In the next room are some Hindu idols, bricks from Babylon, a marble covered with characters from the same place and which is supposed to contain some matter relative to the history of that magnificent city. Many learned men have studied it to decipher it, but have not succeeded as the characters are totally unknown at the present day. In the same room is a curious piece of mechanism

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representing a tiger having in his fangs a figure dressed in the English costume. By turning a handle in the manner of an organ the screeching of distress and the roaring of the beast are produced ; at the same time the hand of the man is moved to ward off the paws of the beast. Playing upon this instrument was Tippoo Sahib's chief amusement ! Enclosed in a glass case is a head of a tiger which stood at the foot of the sultan's throne ; it is of solid gold, the eyes and teeth being of crystal. It now lies on a carpet of crimson velvet studded with gold, which was used as a cover to the throne. The Chinese gardens in this apartment are very beautiful. The trees are of silver, the birds and beasts of gold, and the water of mother-of-pearl. We were also shown a medal struck for the Company by the celebrated Bolton of Birmingham. The workmanship of it is so exquisitely fine as to require a magnifying glass to discover the representation of a battle upon it which this was designed to commemorate. Several port-folios of views in India executed by the first artists and amounting to several hundred pictures were also shown to the

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visitor. The collection of curiosities in this place is very grand, and the bare amount of the precious metals must be immense.

In company with Dr. W. took a ride to Kensington Gardens, situated at the extremity of Hyde Park. It is by far the most beautiful promenade that London or its immediate vicinity affords. The grandeur and wildness of the woods more strongly reminded me of the American forest scenery than any other place I have seen, in England. There is a palace here which has nothing remarkable in its external appearance; from the terrace in front is a fine view of lawn and a piece of water. Beyond, the woods are of such impenetrable thickness that a person would suppose he was a long distance from a city. The gardens contain three hundred and fifty acres laid out in charming walks, groves, etc. The trees are principally oak and chestnut. These gardens are open to the public except to liveried servants and persons carrying bundles. Park keepers are stationed at the gates to preserve order and decorum, and at proper distances are seats for the company. At the gates, several footmen in splendid liveries were

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waiting for their masters or mistresses who were here promenading.

Being obliged to take Mr. Adams's passport to the Alien Office for the purpose of obtaining Lord Sidmouth's license to leave the country, I chanced to meet a friend on the way thither who informed me that a small douce would be a great facility in enabling me to get it, although the Alien Act expressly provides that they shall be given gratis. When I came to the office I received the pass from a man of gentlemanly appearance, who with many profound bows excused himself for making me wait, &c. &c. at the same time looking me in the face as if he were saying "you must be a stupid fellow if you don't understand me!" I put four shillings into his hand and received many polite assurances as to the pleasure it would afford him to be of service to me in renewing the passports, and that if I wrote from Liverpool I might depend upon a speedy answer to my letter. It is true the law did not compel me to give the man anything, but if I had not, and it should have happened that I wished for a renewal of the paper, it might have been delayed

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and I had cause to regret not having paid the accustomed tribute.

Since my residence in England some of the most important events in modern history have occurred, the most prominent of which is the downfall and captivity of Buonaparte. London has been agitated many times in consequence of reports that apartments had been fitted up in the Tower for his reception, and so much were these believed that some thousands of the populace waited a long time upon London Bridge in order to see him pass. It is now, however, understood that he is to be sent to St. Helena, there to remain a prisoner for life. Thousands have gone from all parts of England to Plymouth to catch a glimpse of the disturber of the world. He is now confined on board of the Bellerophon Frigate, on board of which no one is allowed to go. The boats which daily sail around this vessel for the purpose of carrying persons to see him are estimated at two thousand.

Sunday, 6th August. Parted with Mr. M.'s family at Camberwell Grove. During my stay in England they had paid every attention to

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me, endeavoring to make my absence from home as pleasant as possible. It was with real regret that I took a last farewell of this family. One of the most serious counterbalances to the pleasure of travelling is that after having formed an acquaintance with those whom you would esteem through life you are obliged to part, and this without a hope of ever again meeting them !

Having been introduced a few weeks ago to a Mr. C., a fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, it luckily chanced that he was going there on a few days' visit, and hearing of my intention of taking that place into my route to Birmingham, very politely invited me to join him and stop a day or two in that city. As such an opportunity was too fortunate to be declined, I accepted the invitation and accordingly having taken our seats upon the top of the coach, we on Monday morning took our departure from London. Fortunately the day was fine, and as some rain had fallen the night previous we were not incommoded with the dust. We passed through Kew. The palace lay upon our right and appeared to be as devoid of elegance as all

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the royal residences in this country are. We continued on through the neat village of Hammersley, and Slough. A little before we came to the latter place we had a charming view of Windsor Castle which lay at about a mile distant on our left. It is situated upon an eminence from which is an extensive view. Its exterior appearance is much more elegant than any other palace I have seen. It is at present the residence of King George, who has always given the place a preference. Our route lay over Hounslow Heath (a barren and desolate spot, so much celebrated for the robberies committed here), through Maidenhead to Henley on the Thames. Here we crossed this river over a stone bridge leading to the town, which is truly a charming place, possessing an air of neatness, with a fine situation which renders it superior to any other village I have seen in England. I regretted that the rapidity of our travelling did not permit me to pass a few hours in this pretty place. Ten miles this side Oxford we crossed the Isis and entered Dorchester, — a dirty, mean-looking village. The entrance to Oxford inspires a favorable impres-

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sion of that beautiful city, the towers of many churches and colleges are seen through the foliage of the fine trees with which this city abounds. After passing a handsome bridge we entered High Street, esteemed the most beautiful street in Europe. On the right is the front of Magdalen College, and it is adorned with the fronts of several other colleges and halls. My companion and myself alighted at the inn, and after we had deposited our baggage he hurried me away to a livery stable to look at some favorite horses which belonged to him. I soon found that Latin and Greek had but few charms for him when compared to his favorite amusements of hunting and racing. He kept three horses and about a dozen dogs for those purposes, nor was he alone in this, as there were many other animals here belonging to the fellows of the respective colleges. It being the long vacation, and but few collegians in the city, Oxford appeared quite dull. Mr. C. took me to his chambers in Trinity College, which were pleasantly situated. Attached to his college is a church of uncommon elegance. The ceiling is most exquisitely painted and the

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altar adorned with some fine carved work in marble. In the garden belonging to the college is a secluded walk in the manner of an arbor, the top of it being formed by the intermingling of the branches of the lime tree. The hawthorn hedge which surrounds the ground is curiously cut so as to bear a resemblance to a board fence. In the New College church the painted windows are estimated as the first work of the kind in the kingdom. That from a design by Sir Joshua Reynolds is very fine. Many ancient painted windows adorn this chapel. The colors of them are in the highest perfection although many hundred years have elapsed since they were painted. In a small cabinet adjoining the altar is kept the crosier which formerly belonged to William of Wykeham, one of the founders of the church. It is of silver gilt surmounted with small gothic images. The altar piece of this church is also carved out of marble. The Theatre where all the prize poems are recited is a fine building. The ceiling of it is estimated a great curiosity, as it is entirely unsupported by pillars although its dimensions contain 5600 square feet. It is painted

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by Sir James Thornhill. The chairs used by the Allied sovereigns during their visit last year are in an ante-room. They are made of gold burnished with silk crimson velvet! Near to the theatre is the Clarendon printing office, where Bibles and Prayer-books are printed. The expense of its erection was defrayed from the sale of Lord Clarendon's manuscript history, which was given for that purpose. The Bodleian Library contains 35,000 volumes and 60,000 manuscripts, as also a gallery with a large collection of pictures and busts. The ceiling is adorned with the arms of the respective colleges. Among the pictures are some copies of the cartoons of Raphael. An incident occurred here which made me smile. Mr. C., whose love of Greek and Latin was not excessively ardent, indignantly shaking his fist in the face of a bust of Homer exclaimed, "If it had not been for your writing that cursed hard book my brains would have escaped many a puzzling!" Two windows in this gallery are entirely formed from the relics of painted windows from different parts of the kingdom which are most curiously cemented together. Oppo-

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site here is Hertford College, now in a state of decay. Charles James Fox was a fellow of it. It now has but two or three belonging to it, and they are esteemed as eccentrics, and almost as great curiosities as the old edifice. The Radcliffe Camera is another fine building. It stands in the centre of a beautiful area. The architecture of it is admirable, particularly the staircase composed of stone and so formed as to appear unsupported. The books are arranged in cabinets. From the dome, which you ascend by a stone cylindrical staircase, is an extensive view of the city and adjacent country. There is no place in the world where there are so many public buildings in so small a space as the city of Oxford, nor are there many which can vie with it in elegance! On the floor of the library stand two marble candelabra of superb workmanship. They were found in the ruins of the Emperor Hadrian's palace at Tivoli. One of the principal embellishments to this city is the college gardens, as most of them have very large ones, laid out in charming walks: that of the Magdalen in particular is one mile and a half in length.

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The following day, in company with Mr. C. and mounted on his horses, we took our way to Woodstock to visit Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. Woodstock is a small neat village, famed for its manufacture of leather and fine steel work. Hard by is the princely mansion of Blenheim, which stands in the midst of a park which contains 2700 acres of land and 300 of water. The walls are twelve miles round. You enter this park through a gate of the Corinthian order and are at once presented with a view of the mansion. Opposite is a lake having an elegant bridge thrown over it. Directly in front of this upon an eminence stands a lofty pedestal having upon it a statue of the great Duke. Upon it are recorded in marble his various achievements and the Acts of Parliament granting this place as a reward for his services. The interior of the house is superbly elegant. We were shown through the following apartments: the Hall, "Bow-window room," Duke's Dressing-room, East Drawing-room, Grand cabinet, Blue Drawing-room, State Drawing-room, Dining-room, Saloon, Green drawing-room, State bedchamber,

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Winter drawing-room, Library, Chapel, Theatre, and La Titian gallery ; the whole containing an immense collection of statues, and paintings by the first artists, and otherwise furnished in a style of great splendour. The library is quite elegant. The number of volumes of books is 24,000. In the chapel is a monument to the memory of the great duke and his duchess, and a very fine picture over the altar by some Dutch artist. The theatre is a pretty little place, capable of containing 200 persons. The scenery is in perfect order although there have been no performances here for twenty years. Far different, this reward for services, to our country, which even denies a monument to the memory of him who is acknowledged as her saviour !

We spent three hours in viewing this palace. On our return to Oxford the duke passed us in his carriage. He is an old man of 77 years of age, and is great grandson to the famous Duke. In the afternoon I mentioned to my companion the necessity of my going the next morning to Birmingham, &c. In reply he pressed me to stay a day or two longer, observing that Ox-

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ford was far pleasanter than those damned cotton-spinning places. In the morning I took my leave and having mounted upon the box seat alongside the coachman, bid farewell to Oxford. I was much entertained by the coachman who was, as he informed me, a freeholder, and who took considerable interest in an election of a member of Parliament by distributing to those of his side the house handbills, a bundle of which he carried with him for the purpose. We changed horses at Stratford-upon-Avon, immortalized as the birthplace of Shakespere. While this was doing, curiosity impelled me to visit the house, which is one of the most wretched hovels I ever beheld, and is now used as a butcher's shop. An old woman (who, as she informed me, was a descendant of the poet) was my conductor. Many things which belonged to the bard were shewn me, such as his chair, which is cut almost up for relics, a bench, sword, iron box, picture, linstock, table, candlesticks, some coins, &c. &c. I continued my ride to Birmingham. The entrance to the town is quite pretty and quite agreeably disappointed me who had anticipated beholding a den fit

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only for the Cyclops! From seeing the interior of the place I am decidedly of opinion that it is preferable to Manchester and most other manufacturing towns (as a place of residence!). Here I went through a pin manufactory, and was surprised at the number of persons who are necessary to the formation of a single pin. As usual, here was a number of wretched little boys and girls confined at work from morn to night.

Thomason's show rooms are considered as one of the "lions" of Birmingham. Here is exposed for sale almost every article which is made in the place. The rooms are fitted up in great taste, and the style in which the articles are displayed tempt almost every one who visits here to become a purchaser. The attendants are uncommonly polite in showing the articles to strangers. They were manufacturing in an outer room a copper vase modeled after a marble one dug from the ruins of Herculaneum which is now deposited at Warwick Castle. This vase when done will cost £1500. The original is exquisitely carved and this is to be an exact copy. I did not visit any other

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manufactories, as the proprietors of most of them are particularly averse to the introduction of strangers, especially Americans. This is the same throughout England. The next morning set out for Liverpool upon the outside of the coach. The early part of the day was remarkably fine, but at noon it began to rain, and I arrived early in the evening at Liverpool completely drenched by the torrents which poured down, the latter part of my journey.

Finding that the ship in which I have taken my passage did not sail for a fortnight, I took lodgings instead of being at an inn. I have two rooms, a parlor and bedroom, for which I pay a very moderate sum compared to the inn charges. When I take my meals at my room, my landlady charges me the first cost for the articles, the expense for preparing them being included in the rent of the apartments. I found this to be a much more comfortable way of living than I had anticipated. Wishing to bathe I went as directed a small distance from town where a number of bathing machines is kept. These are drawn into the sea by a horse. These

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machines are quite comfortable and the charge for using them moderate, being only sixpence. At a short distance from where I was there were some women bathing. They seemed not at all disturbed at a number of us being so near them. Although this is quite customary here, I think the indelicacy of it is not commendable. Mr. W. of Warrington having heard of my arrival at Liverpool sent his son in a gig after me to go on a visit to his house. I returned with him and on Sunday dined at a country seat of Mr. A. G. at Walton, a short distance from Warrington. After dinner we took a short ride. The road was uncommonly pretty, running most of the way between the Duke of Bridgewater's canal and the River Mersey. At about five miles from Walton stands Halton Castle, now a ruin. One of its walls forms part of the wall to an inn, much resorted to as a place of recreation. The site of the hall is now a bowling green. Some of the window arches are in tolerable preservation and some few specimens of ornamented stone work still remain. The eminence upon which this ruin stands rises up almost perpendicularly.

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The village of Halton directly underneath adds much to the beauty of the landscape. On the other side is a view of Norton Priory, standing in a fine park, the seat of Sir Richard Brook. The view altogether is very extensive. When upon the walls it appeared like being in the centre of a vast panorama; having nothing to obstruct the view on every side the eye was presented with cultivated fields, woods, rivers, canals, and villages. At the entrance of the village the traveller is notified by an inscription upon the castle walls that an inn is kept there. The road winds round the hill and leads to the top. There were several groups of lads and lasses seated upon the ruins of the walls, partaking of refreshments. I could not help drawing in my imagination the contrast between the scene and the scenes here exhibited a few centuries ago, when

“From yon high tower the archer drew
With steady hand the stubborn yew,
While fierce in martial state,
The mailed host in long array,
With crested helms, and banners gay,
Burst from the thundering gate.”

This castle was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell

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in the civil wars. There could not be a situation better calculated for defence than this: there is no way by which a foe could approach undiscovered as the battlement commanded a view of the country to a long distance in every direction, and the steepness of the eminence rendered it almost an impossibility to storm the walls. Most of the strongholds of ancient days are remarkable for being erected in such situations as rendered them inaccessible. One mile from here is the village of Runcorn. This place is much resorted to by the people of Manchester and Liverpool as a place of amusement. Here I saw for the first time an English steamboat. Compared with our boats of the same description they are as far behind in point of improvement as our stagecoaches are to those of this country; nor are those boats which are upon the River Clyde in Scotland and which are much praised here to be (as I am informed) compared to those in America. The deficiency of improvement in both cases may be accounted for in their superiority of roads and number of population and the natural advantages of our rivers over theirs.

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Monday, went to a fair or wake in the village of Winwick ; among the sports of this place was a bear bait. Bruin after being muzzled was tied to a stake and the dogs were set upon him. I was at first shocked at the inhumanity of depriving the poor animal of resistance and then thus tormenting him, but I soon discovered that the bear was fully equal to his adversaries. The first dog set upon him was a large bull-dog, to whom he gave the "hug à la françois" and sent him off howling. So well was he satisfied of his reception that all the coaxings and threatenings of his master could not induce him to repeat it. Many others were served in a similar manner without the bear's being in the least injured, as his hair was grown to such an immoderate length as to entirely prevent the least laceration of the flesh from the dogs' teeth. The baiting had continued for some time until the bear grew angry, when he broke his rope and after laying his keeper sprawling set off in full chase after the mob of men, women and children who fled over hedges and ditches in all directions. The ludicrous scene that then was presented would require (to give an adequate

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idea of it) the pencil of Morland.¹ The rest of the amusements were similar to those of our fairs. The church in this village is quite ancient. It is adorned with a handsome spire. Upon the base of the tower is sculptured the figure of a hog with a bell around his neck. The design of this curious figure I could not learn. While we were viewing the church, a person (whom we afterwards found to be the head gardener to the rector) very politely invited us to view the grounds of the Rectory, which was opposite the church. He conducted us round the park through the shrubbery into the gardens where he treated us with some fine peaches and nectarines, and showed us the way back to the village through another part of the grounds. At parting we wished to make him a present for his civility, which he refused. This I mention as being a singular case, as it was the first money I offered in England to a guide or servant which was refused. The rectory belongs to the Earl of Derby and is estimated as the richest living in this part of England.

At Warrington is a manufactory of files. The

¹ George Morland, 1763-1804 ; English painter.

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proprietor of it very politely showed me the different processes of the making of them. The teeth of the files are cut by a chisel, and it is astonishing with what precision and regularity the workmen move their hands even while looking off their work. Some of these files were of such exquisite fineness that it required a glass to discover the teeth. These are for jewellers' and watchmakers' use. The steel is first softened to receive the impression of the chisel, and afterwards hardened by being plunged while red-hot into a prepared liquid. The proprietor complained sadly of the drunkenness of his workmen. It was now Tuesday, and many of them had not yet made their appearance. He presumed they had not spent all their last week's wages, as they seldom came from the alehouse until it was entirely expended. Being some time with the proprietor and conductor of an extensive manufactory, I had a fair opportunity of observing the habits of the workmen, and can without any hesitation declare that with very few exceptions they are of the worst kind; their only care and ambition seems to be to earn a daily pittance which they invariably spend

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the most part of at the alehouse. This arises from their ignorance; not knowing the common rudiments of learning, their only enjoyment is beastly indulgence and insensibility.

On Wednesday, with Mr. A. took a short tour into Wales. We stopped with our gig at Chester and proceeded on foot along the banks of the River Dee to Eaton House, the seat of Earl Grosvenor. I cannot do justice to the description of this fairy structure. It is but just finished. The house is of the gothic order and finished both interior and exterior, in a superb manner. The furniture corresponds to the building, and the offices around it are of the same order of architecture. It is in the centre of an extensive park. If the ancient buildings the ruins of which still remain visible, were at their erection as truly beautiful as Eaton House (and judging from those I have seen, I have no reason to question that they were) one of the least pretensions to taste must sincerely deplore that barbarism which tempted the destruction of these ornaments to Great Britain. We walked back to Chester, and after having dined resumed our ride. Shortly after leaving that place we

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came into Wales and our first stop was at the village of Hawarden. In the park and near the mansion of Sir Stephen Glynn stand the ruins of a castle which is so embosomed in the midst of a wood as to render the top only visible. The owner has erected a wall around to preserve the ruin from further decay. The park is an intermixture of hill and dale. One of the valleys is very picturesque, having a small white cot overspread with vines at the bottom of it. As we continued our way the road became more mountainous, and afforded many fine views of the sea-coast. At the foot of the hills we overtook an interesting little Welsh girl who with her brother had been upon an errand to a neighboring village. We asked some information respecting the road. This she gave us and in return requested permission to run behind the gig. During the run, which lasted a mile or more, we had much conversation with her, highly amused at the quickness and propriety of her replies to our numerous inquiries. She as well as her brother spoke Welsh as well as English. I asked her if she would go home with me. She said she would if I would stop and

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“let her see her father and mother a bit first.” Her name was Martha Owings. She was quite handsome and had a peculiar sharp, although innocent and artless manner which interested us very much. A short distance from the road side was a cluster of cottages, into one of which she entered after dropping us a curtsy and bidding us goodbye! We soon arrived at Holywell, and as soon as we alighted, as our time was limited, found our way to St. Winifred’s Well. This is called one of the wonders of the world. It throws out one hundred tons of water every minute. The stream proceeding from it is sufficient to supply a number of mills and manufactories erected close by. The water is used for bathing in rheumatic complaints. It is so remarkably clear that the minutest object is distinctly seen at the bottom of a very deep basin. There is a gothic building over the well upon the roof of which are hung the crutches of those who have been so relieved of their complaint by the application of the water as to enable them to offer them as a testimony of its virtues. We descended into the body of the bath by a flight of stone steps and

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found one of the baths occupied by a young lady who was not in the least disturbed at our entrance, but continued her employment. One of the nymphs of the fountain who was as ugly as sin and almost as old, presented us with a glass of water direct from the spring. I could observe nothing extraordinary in the taste of it. There is a legendary tale respecting this well which requires no small share of faith to believe. It is said that St. Winifred, having made a vow of chastity, was afterwards addressed by a heathen prince who, finding his passion unrewarded, in a rage cut off her head which rolled down the hill and stopped at the very place where the spring now is and which then sprang up ! One of the saints of the church took the head up and placed it on her body. It immediately re-united and she lived many years afterwards.

Holywell is pleasantly situated upon the side of a mountain from which is a view of the sea and of the English shore :— near it the River Dee flows into the Channel. In its vicinity are numerous lead mines, which are very productive and afford the proprietors great incomes.

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The income of Earl Grosvenor from this source alone is £80,000 per annum. If I were to form an opinion from the small specimen this jaunt afforded me of the Welsh inns, I should without the slightest hesitation say they were quite inferior to the inns of England. The waiter at the best inn in Holywell was one of the most polite, palavering dogs I ever saw. Upon our requesting to be called in the morning he assured us (to use his own expressions) "that we might rely upon it that everything should be done according to our wishes," at the same time bountifully pledging his honor that the hostler should have our horse in readiness at 4 o'clock, the hour appointed. When I awoke in the morning it was past 4, and no waiter had made his appearance. I descended into the stable yard and could not find the hostler, but the noise I made disturbed his understrapper who slept in the hayloft. Feeling a little angry at thus being neglected I addressed myself to him as being the cause of it, and after scolding away for some time discovered from the vacancy of the fellow's countenance that he did not understand a word of English. Finding we

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could do no better we tackled the horse in ourselves and proceeded back by the same road we came, to Warrington. The next day, left that place and arrived at my quarters at Liverpool.

Being obliged to go to the custom house to obtain a clearance as a passenger in the Liverpool Packet, I experienced a great delay from the inattention of the officers. These officers are universally complained of by every one who has any business to transact at the Custom house. Those who attend on board the vessels are a vile set, whose appearance denotes poverty and who for the pitiful bribe of a shilling will assist in smuggling anything on shore.

At the close of my journal it may not be improper to make a few remarks respecting the people of Great Britain. I found them hospitable in the extreme, zealous in paying every attention to a stranger, and this so delicately expressed as not to leave an impression that they had conferred an obligation. At breakfast you generally find tea and toast. The manner of preparing the tea is different from ours. They either have an urn on the table or

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a small kettle upon the grate, thus keeping the water hot. They consider "steeping" it by the fire as unnecessary. Upon the whole I think this way preferable to ours, as the tea is always hot. Meat is scarcely ever introduced upon their breakfast tables. I have often made the ladies stare at my description of an American breakfast, particularly when I named over some of the etceteras, such as pickles, apple-sauce, potatoes, &c. The dining hour is somewhere about 4 o'clock. Their table is not spread at this meal unlike ours, but you are never asked to drink before you sit down to dinner. Soon after the dessert and wine, tea is served in another apartment, when you meet the ladies who always retire when the wine begins to move round. In the evening at ten or eleven o'clock a supper is brought in, and afterwards liquors with hot and cold water to mix them with. There is so trifling a difference between their customs and ours that a stranger feels but little inconvenience in the society of Englishmen.

Business was my only object in visiting England. At my leisure moments I noted down the foregoing observations which I wish considered

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as the casual ones of a stranger. I have endeavoured as much as possible by associating with Englishmen to obtain correct ideas of their country, still I am sensible that many things appeared to me different from what they otherwise would have done had I had sufficient leisure to have made further researches. I however trust that these observations are divested of prejudice other than that honest and rational one which inevitably arises in the breast of one sincerely attached to his native land. I am not conscious of having like the traveller in New Jersey (as related in *Salmagundi*) noted down all the people of a town as fat and cross-eyed merely because the landlord and waiter were so. Respecting England there is much to admire and much to dislike, yet the former predominates so far that I have no hesitancy in saying that if I were not an American I should wish to be an Englishman. The Americans are not in the habit of viewing England in the light in which she should be seen. We either represent her as too faulty or too faultless; one party represents her as striving to destroy our country by every means in her power, and

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pains are taken to persuade the people that the inhabitants are almost to a man inimical to the prosperity of America. I am satisfied by my intercourse with Englishmen and from many conversations I have had with them respecting the late unhappy contest, that they were opposed to it, and that had their government been purely elective like ours they would have thrown the same obstacles in the way of their ministry in prosecuting it as the opposition of the United States did towards Mr. Madison and his party. I have never seen one who did not deprecate a quarrel with us. I wish that the same sentiments respecting England more generally prevailed in the United States than they do, and that we were not so accustomed to hear such intemperate language towards the people of England. On the other hand, the Federalists are apt to imagine that England is perfect. These feelings arise from the commercial intercourse which the Northern States have more immediately had with her ; and from the habit of considering her as their mother country, they look upon her faults with the same feelings as a child would those of a parent. As to the oft-

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told magnanimity which some warm advocates of her say she displays towards America, I believe it is ideal, and that her Government shows none but what is perfectly consonant to her own interest. Self-interest governs nations as well as individuals! The government is undoubtedly jealous of our manufactures and more especially so of our navy, yet that jealousy carries not with it that deadly animosity so often expressed by our Jacobins. Her existence depends upon the welfare of trade and commerce. Whenever the period arrives that the manufacturing interest decays, from that moment I date her declension!

Having closed my concerns, on the 8th of September went on board the Liverpool Packet, which dropped down the river, but owing to the lightness of the wind was obliged to anchor opposite the rock. My fellow passengers' names are White, Barnett, Prince, Todd, Hall, Hayward, and Aiken.

9th Continued at anchor.

10th In the same situation. In the afternoon a party of us went on shore and bathed.

11th. No prospect of a fair wind, nor any

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encouragement from the pilot that we shall have one very soon. I cannot conceive a more irksome situation than to be thus detained.

12th Tried this morning to pass the rock, but were unsuccessful. I was awakened by the pilot's exclaiming "Let go the anchor!" It sounded harsher in my ears than thunder. After breakfast we all went on shore and amused ourselves with rambling about until dinner time, soon after which we weighed anchor and bade farewell to the little Island. At 6 o'clock Mr. Ford, the custom house officer, with two or three gallows-looking fellows having lanterns with them came on board to search our baggage and examine our crew. One of them came into my stateroom and told me it was a pity that I should trouble myself to open my trunk and hoped that I would give him a shilling to enable him to drink my health and a pleasant passage. This I did, when he at once told Ford that all was correct in my baggage. After getting their fees they all departed in good humour, having, as they expressed it "done their duty." The "Milo" passed us just at sundown. She kept at a

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small distance ahead most of the evening, which was enlivened by a brilliant moon.

13th Today the wind has been ahead but the weather continues delightfully pleasant. This relieves in a way the tediousness of confinement. Our employments to pass away the time are various ; some are reading and writing in the cabin, while others are pacing the deck in conversation.

14th and 15th. Beating about near the Tuscar Light, myself and some of my companions very sick.

17th. A gale of wind with the uncomfortable assurance that we were on a lee shore and the tide driving us upon it. The captain was extremely anxious all day, scarcely stirring from the deck. Just at 5 in the afternoon the wind instantaneously changed, and threw the ship aback. All hands were called to extricate her from the perilous situation, which was quickly effected, when we had the pleasing satisfaction that we were running from a dangerous shore.

18th. Light winds and fair, but made very little progress in our voyage.

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19th. About seven in the morning spoke the ship "Indian Trader" from Jamaica, seven weeks out. Gave the crew some newspapers and potatoes.

20th. The wind fair, and going at the rate of 8 knots. This evening the appearance of the setting sun was uncommonly beautiful and grand.

21st. Wind blowing fresh but fair. The ship rolled very much and shipped some seas, which afforded much amusement to us in beholding the agility of the old cook who tried to escape them by dodging into his caboose.

22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th & 26th. A gale of wind from the Northwest.

27th. The wind tolerably fair, but the small progress we have made in our voyage is truly discouraging. Were it not for the pleasant society aboard the time would indeed hang heavy on my hands. It is singular that all of us passengers, eight in number, are Bostonians. Six were born in that town and four were school-fellows together.

From this time until the 18th of October the wind continued dead ahead. On that day it

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came partly fair and enabled us to lay almost on our course.

On the 19th in the morning in lat. 40, long. 40, passed by a small earthen barrel, but being under full sail could not get it. It gave rise to many speculations among us, such as the possibility of its containing letters from persons in a shipwrecked vessel.

20th. The wind fair but increased to a tremendous gale. The ship was laid to, but having moderated toward night we proceeded on our course.

21st. At 12. o'clock we were all electrified by the man at the masthead crying out "a boat ahead!" Sail was instantly taken in and preparations to lower the boat made when we discovered it to be the wreck of a vessel of about 80 or 90 tons burden, which had apparently been stripped of everything that was valuable. The hatch was off and the only article upon deck was an old water cask. Her cabin windows were washed out and an old sail hung over them, apparently for the purpose of keeping the water out. She appeared to be quite light, and her bottom was much covered with barnacles.

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22nd. Wind still fair. About twelve discovered a sail under our lee bow. She fired a gun and made us bear down upon them. She proved to be the English Gun Brig "Cora," five weeks out from New Providence. Supplied them with Steel's Army & Navy list and some newspapers, also some vegetables for their sick. They sent us in return a fine green turtle and six bottles of spirit.

23rd. Calm in the morning, but at ten o'clock a fine breeze sprang up which wafted us along at 8 knots. We observed several flocks of birds and some shoals of fish, which gave us notice of the approach to land. Among the fish were some of the flying species, which resembled a swallow in skimming the surface of the water. Toward night the wind increased into a violent gale, and blew tremendously. At the same time it was so dark that it was impossible to see from one side the ship to the other. The appearance of the sea was truly beautiful. Our vessel seemed to be making her way through a mass of liquid fire.

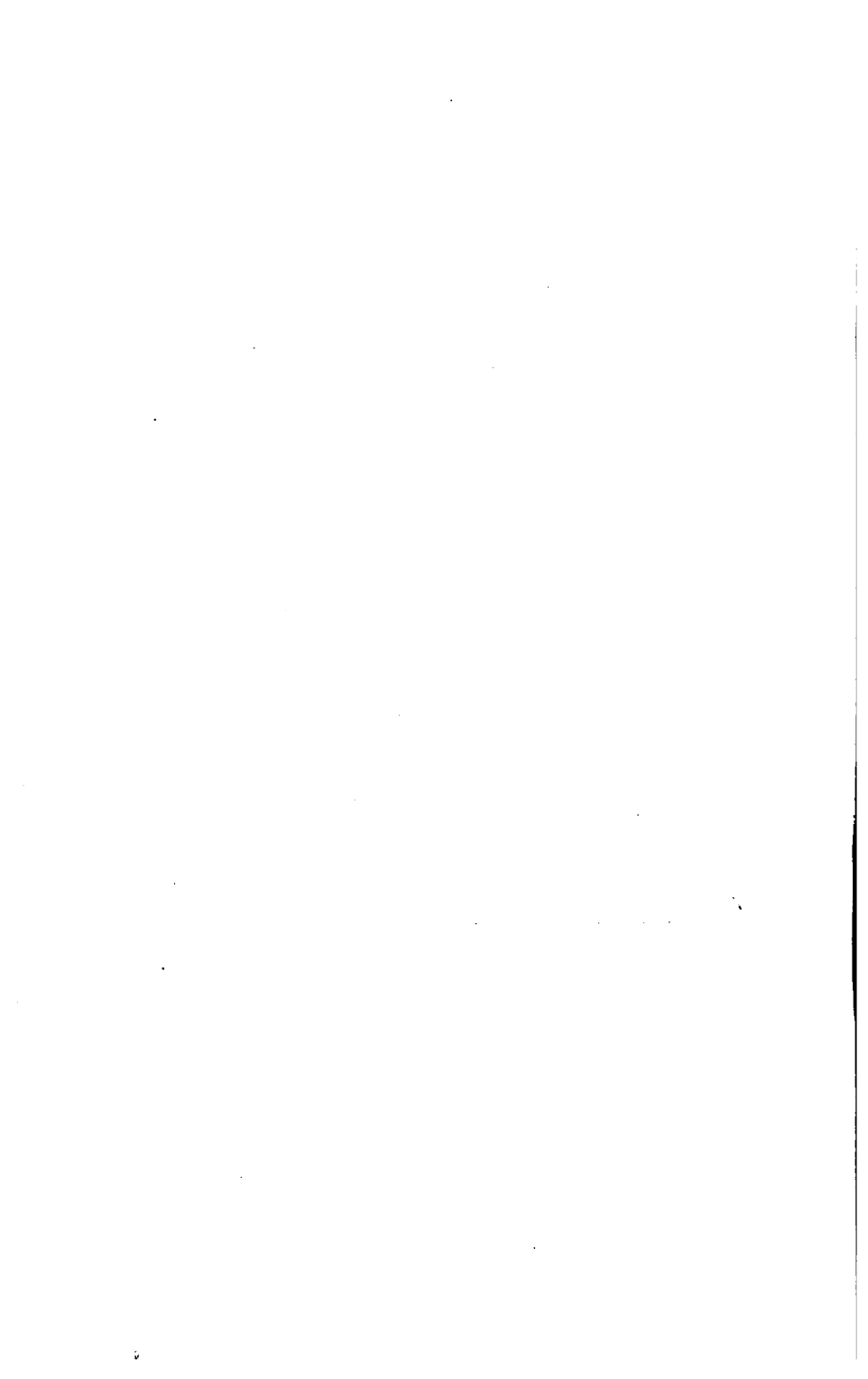
25th. This day it blew a violent gale of wind, at times increased by heavy squalls. One took

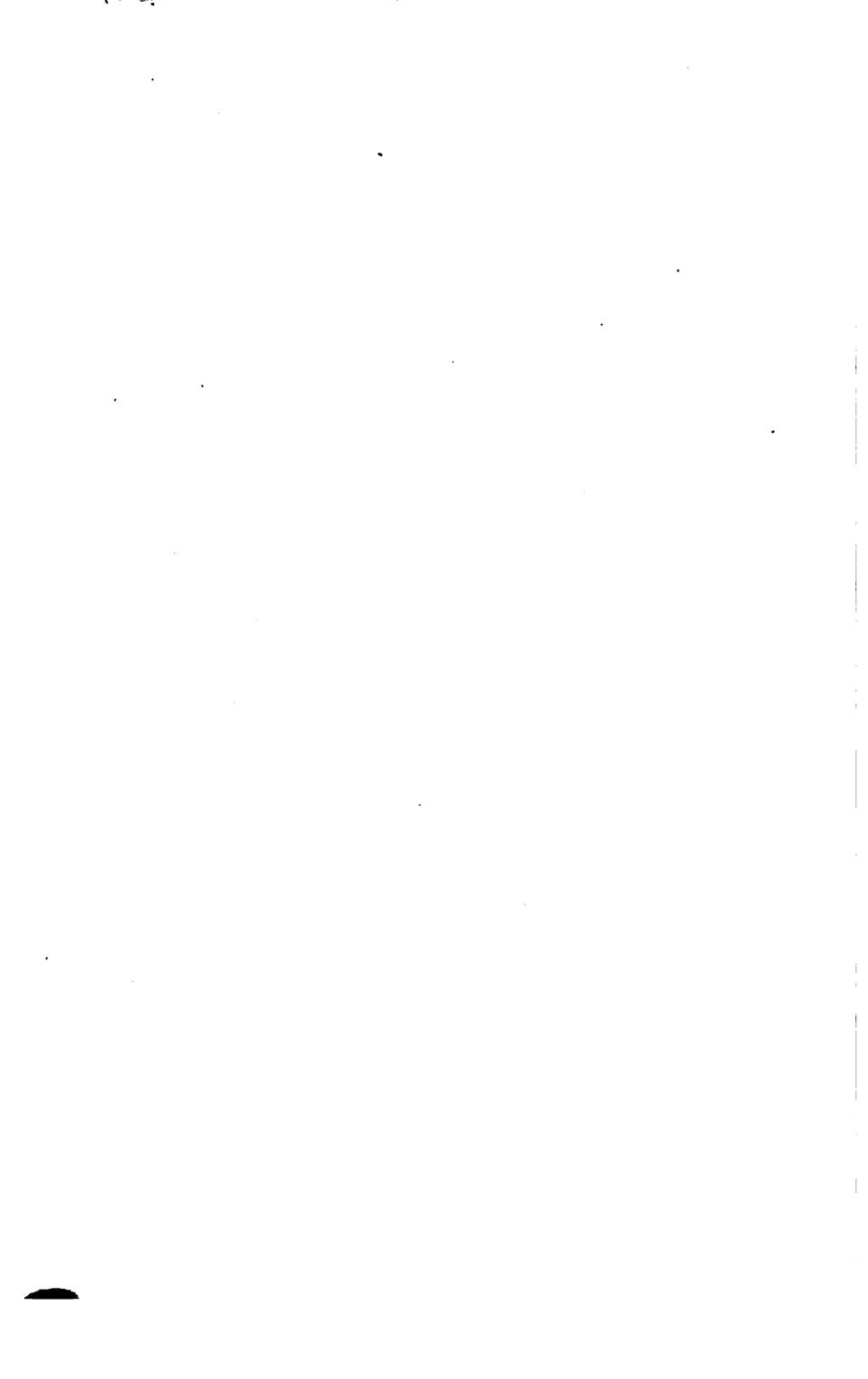
ENGLAND IN 1815

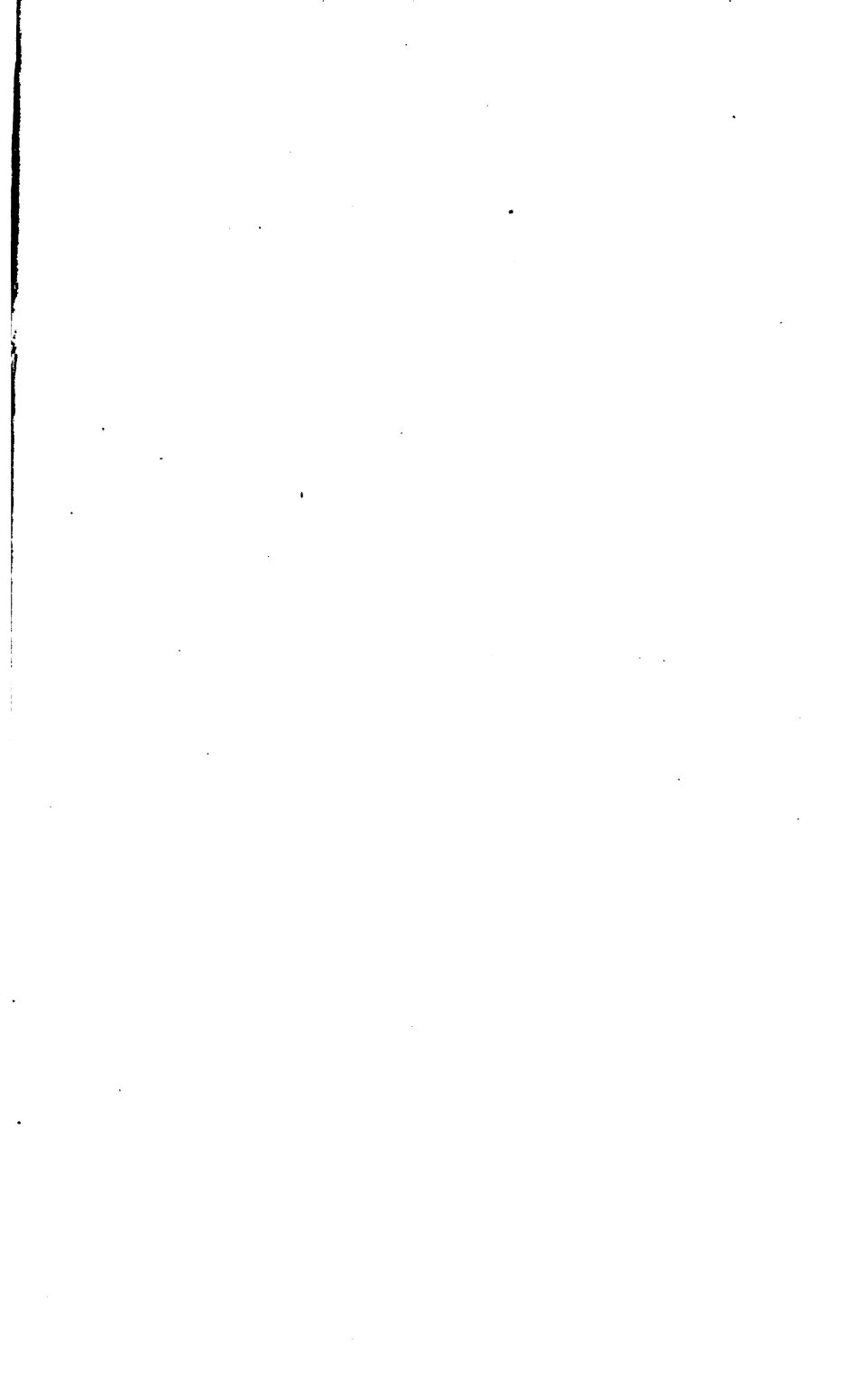
the foreyard short off, another took the staysail overboard. It abated at twelve o'clock, when all hands were employed in repairing damages. By night a new yard was got up and everything looked a little more ship-shape. The captain had suffered exceedingly with his fatigue and our ill luck.

From this time until our arrival at Cape Ann on the 9th November, nothing remarkable happened. I got into Boston at 8 at night, and found all friends in good health, although almost despairing of ever seeing me again.









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